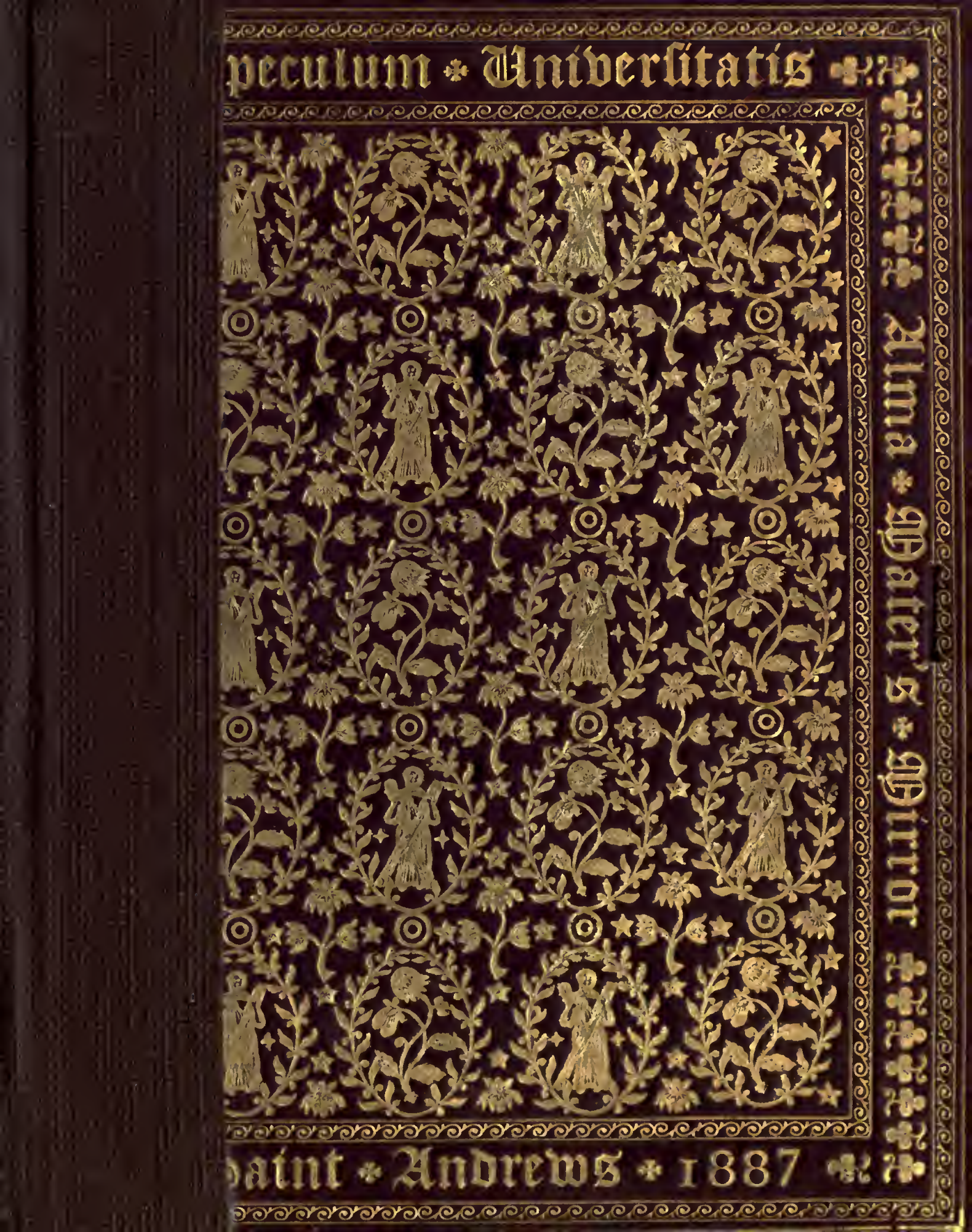
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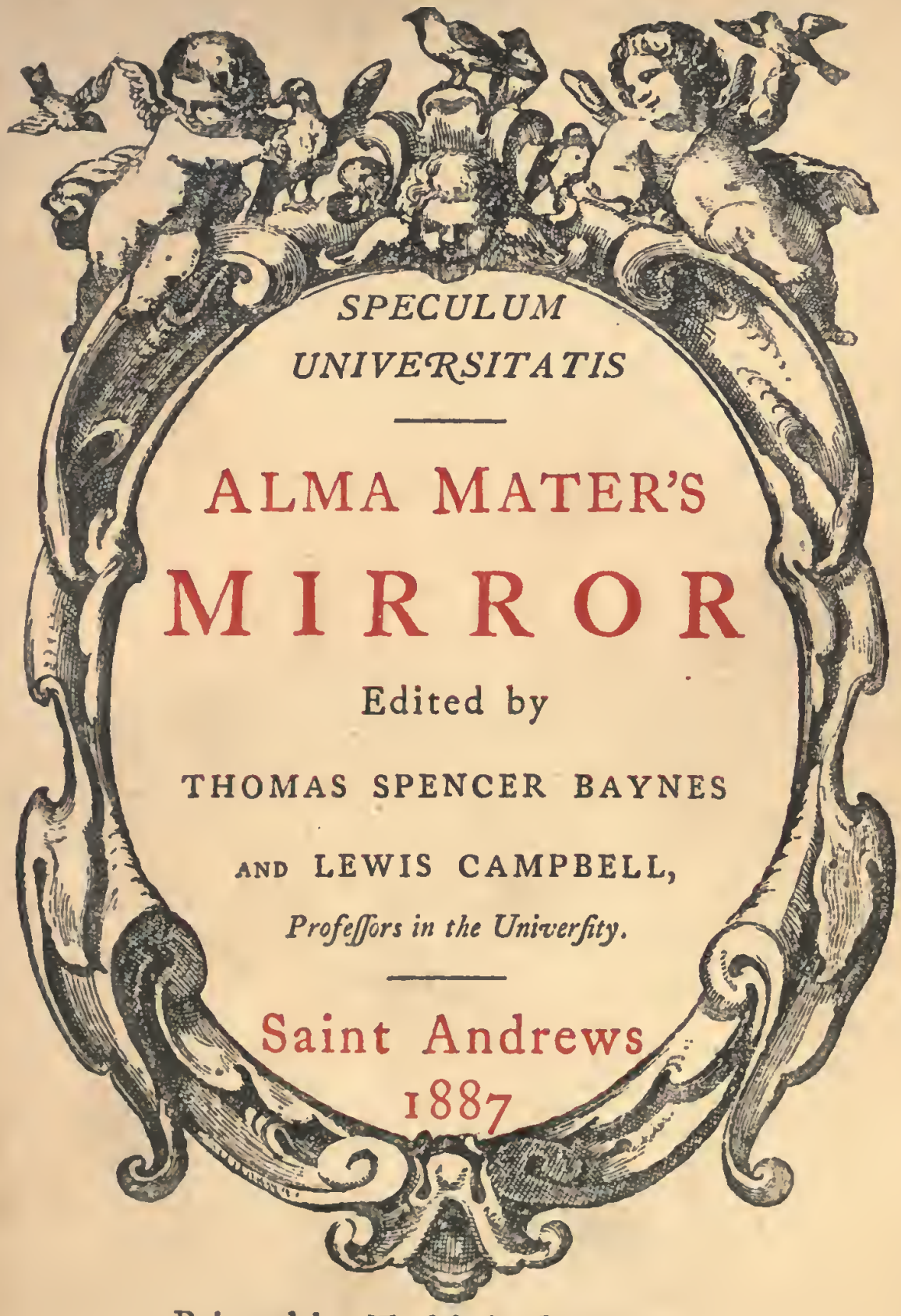

SPECULUM
UNIVERSITATIS

ALMA MATER'S MIRROR

Edited by

THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES
AND LEWIS CAMPBELL,
Professors in the University.

Saint Andrews
1887

Printed by T. & A. Constable,
at the Edinburgh University Press. 1887.

''Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.'

3186
12/5/1540.

Preface.

Gentle Reader,

THIS book is for behoof of the ST. ANDREWS STUDENTS' UNION, *wherefore, we pray you, look gently on its faults, and read,—but before all, buy!*

The meaning of this Book.

The occaſion may excuſe the title, albeit hardly covering the heterogeneous contents. We have endeavoured that the original articles, and the illuſtrations likewiſe—contributed as one and all have been out of mere goodwill to St. Andrews and her

alumni,—*ſhould be 'few, but flowers,'* βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥοδά: *and that the whole work ſhould be, like our Univerſity, though little, yet of good report.*

A rightful rendering of thanks.

For ſome ſhort pieces, which have formerly appeared elſewhere, but were germane to our purpoſe, we have, before reprinting them, both ſought, and readily obtained, the needful conſents. Then fear not to be herein partaker with others' faults,—but forward, with a mind at eaſe!

Which that thou and all friends of our Alma Mater *may continually enjoy, is the deſire of your hearty well-wiſhers,*

EDITORES.

T. S. B.

OUR little 'toy-book' required only the completing touch of my co-editor, when he was ſuddenly taken away from this and from weightier cares. He ever followed the things that make for peace,—and he is now at reſt. His eulogy will be ſaid and written elſewhere; here one thing ſhall have ſpecial record. He was the idol of the ſtudents, and they never had a truer, worthier friend. Of late, with a ſort of preſcience, they had ſingled him for their applauſe. Wherever he went, he was the univerſal favourite of old and young. Urbanity, *bon-homie*, human kindneſs, unfailing cheerfulneſs, faithful comradeſhip, inalienable affection —many ſuch terms riſe up in thinking of him. But on reflection they are all ſummed up in *Goodneſs*. He was one of the beſt men whom many of us have known.

L. C.

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

The Houſe Beautiful.

A NAKED houſe, a naked moor,
A ſhivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet ſhall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your ſhivering trees be drawn;
And—when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chaſe,—
Your garden gloom and gleam again
With leaping ſun, with glancing rain.
Here ſhall the wizard moon aſcend
The heavens, in the crimſon end

Of day's declining ſplendour; here
The army of the ſtars appear.
The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring ſhall with tender flowers beſet;
And oft the morning muſer ſee
Larks riſing from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daiſies go, ſhall winter-time
Silver the ſimple graſs with rime,
Autumnal froſts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when ſnow-bright the moor expands,
How ſhall your children clap their hands!

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and ſeaſons doth ſuffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

REMINISCENCES

'Let me linger thus long over the memory of ſcenes which have paſſed away.'

PLATO, *Phaedrus*, 250, JOWETT'S *Tranſlation*.

OLD ST. LEONARDS DAYS.

IT ſeems an eaſy thing, and till I tried I fancied it was eaſy, to write Reminiſcences of St. Andrews twenty-five years ago. But the raking over theſe aſhes does not prove pleaſant work. The things one remembers beſt one cannot write, and moſt of the others are trivial, or perſonal. At beſt they can only intereſt people who knew St. Andrews then, or know it now, nor need any others waſte their time over theſe pages. They are for the friends of St. Andrews, *et non aultres*, and they

are not indited with a very light heart, nor with a running pen.

A quarter of a century ſince, with a year more perhaps, the College Hall of St. Leonards was founded. It was, in effect, ſomething between an Oxford Hall, and a Maſter's Houſe at a public ſchool, rather more like the latter than the former. We were more free than ſchool-boys, not ſo free as under-graduates. There were about a dozen of us at firſt, either from the Engliſh public ſchools, or the Edinburgh Academy. Fate, and certain views of the authorities about the impropriety of ſtudying human nature in St. Andrews after dark, thinned our numbers very early in the firſt ſeſſion. Then we ſettled down to work a little, and play a great deal.

James D. Forbes.

Principal Forbes was at the head of the United Colleges, and, like every one elſe, was very hoſpitable to the

boys who wore black caps with a red St. Andrew's croſs. I have very ſcanty recollections of the Principal, with his refined and benignant face, and gentle manner. He was a little troubled, I fear, by Kate Kennedy's day, and her doings, which ſeemed to be a ſurvival of Carnival. In theſe games we lordly youths of St. Leonards did *not* take a hand at that time. Let it be confeſſed, with remorſe and a keen ſenſe of our abſurdity, that we thought by no means humbly of ourſelves, and rather looked on the Kate Kennedy affair as beneath our Olympian notice. We probably gave ourſelves the moſt ludicrous airs, becauſe we ſpoke our Latin and Greek with an Engliſh or (in ſome caſes) an Edinburgh accent, not ſaying 'too-too' (to take an example) for τούτου. In ſpite of theſe educational advantages, we were practically nowhere in college diſtinctions.

For my own part, I am proud to remember that in the Greek claſs (Profeſſor SELLAR's) I was uſually a bad ſecond to my friend Mr. WALLACE, now Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy at Oxford. Few of the reſt of us of the red croſſes were 'placed' anywhere in any claſs, which did not diminiſh the gaiety of St. Leonards.

John Veitch.

Logic was the domain of Mr. VEITCH, now of Glaſgow. As it is the hour of confeſſion, let me frankly admit that, neither then nor afterwards, could I underſtand what it was all about, and what the pupils of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON were driving at. Scotchmen are believed to be, and ſome of them *are*, metaphyſicians and divines in the cradle. Two of my acquaintance, one of them a Profeſſor, the other a noveliſt and eſſayiſt, to my mind the moſt exquiſite and original of our day, tell me that in childhood

they actually understood the *Shorter Catechism!* They add that this knowledge made them extremely and precociously miserable. Hamiltonian Logic and the *Shorter Catechism* were and remain wholly beyond my feeble comprehension. *Justification* and the *Concept*, *Effectual Calling* and the *Quantification of the Predicate*, are all even as the inscriptions of CHICHIMEC and PALENQUE to my unlucky understanding. Like CHARLES PERRAULT and his friends, when the doctrine of *Sufficient Grace* was explained to them, I 'thought this matter' (and Mind too) 'unworthy of the amount of talk it excited.' I never heard any *alumnus* of St. Leonards, in our time, express any concern about these Logical studies. All this was not the fault of our learned Professor, whose exposition of Logic was lucidity itself, but, falling (to vary the metaphor) on stony ground, was wasted on our dul-

Bokardo and the Carritch.

Peebles for pleaſure!

J. C. Shairp

neſs. We heard him, and have ſince read him, more gladly when his topic was Tweedſide and Border Antiquities.

I know not what it was but the wantonneſs of youth that prevented us from profiting very much by the Latin Lecture of Profeſſor SHAIRP. It were ſuperfluous, in writing for St. Andrews readers, to praiſe the character and genius of JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP. When boyhood begins to reflect, it ſometimes conceives a haſty, but hearty, contempt for Latin as a ſecondary and imitative literature. I very well remember ſpeaking of Virgil in ſome St. Andrews exerciſe or eſſay as 'the furtive Mantuan,' and deriding his imitations of Homer, on whoſe altar I have never ceaſed to offer ſuch ſcant ſacrifice of incenſe as hath been mine to give. Fortunately one ſoon learns the folly of undervaluing Virgil and Latin literature in general. But this childiſh mood

prevented us from learning all we might have learned from Mr. SHAIRP.

Probably ſome of us remember his lectures on Comparative Philology, and our ſcant intereſt in Aryans and Turanians. Theſe 'gallant gentlemen,' as SYDNEY SMITH calls the Preſocratic philoſophers, have never faſcinated me greatly. One old friend, who may read this, will not have forgotten how cold it was in the wintry lecture-rooms, and how he brought in a policeman's lantern, lighted, under his ſcarlet gown, to warm his fingers on the bull's-eye. Then the lamp went out, *not* (like AUBREY'S ghoſt) 'with a melodious twang, and an unearthly fragrance.' This incident did not occur, however, in Mr. SHAIRP'S lecture. He deſcribed the author of theſe confeſſions as one addicted to

'writing cynical ſlang
The whole ſeſſion lang,'

and the ſtatement was not only poetical but accurate.

Out of Lecture Mr. Shairp was a genial and friendly companion, even to idle boys who neglected their Cicero and Latin proſe. The charm of his frank and earneſt manner, of his kindneſs, and goodneſs, and ſincerity, of his love of all beautiful and ancient things, and all noble and pure poetry, is remembered at Oxford, as well as at St. Andrews. Indeed it is very probable that he was more in his element in his Chair of Poetry at Oxford, than in teaching the elements of the Roman tongue at St. Andrews. Almoſt the laſt time I ſaw him was at Commemoration, when he was delivering a Latin oration, with much humour, and even more good humour, among the 'chaff' of the undergraduates. He had quite the better of them in this playful conteſt.

The Profeſſor of Poetry.

It is a melancholy thing to have to confeſs more and more iniquities, and I ſhall aſk to be excuſed from deſcribing the junior mathematical Lecture in my time. The worſt exceſſes of the Britiſh Parliament ſcarcely went beyond the licence and riot of the mathematical *Bejants*,—I think we were called *Bejants*. I know that we were expected to provide our ſeniors, on a certain day, with an inexpenſive collation of dried fruits! I was aſhamed of the rowdyiſm even then, and the kind old Profeſſor's certificate aſſured the world that my *conduct* was 'exemplary.' To behave decently was the leaſt a ſtudent could offer in expiation of an entire and congenital incapacity for grappling with the dogmas of Euclid, or 'the low cunning of Algebra.'

Becs Jaunes.

Did we never work at all, then, in the Hall of St. Leonards? I am happy to be able to ſay that I always did read

W. Y. Sellar.

How to keep your hair on.

Literary impulse.

my Greek books, and toiled painfully at Greek proſe, which my learned kinſman, Profeſſor SELLAR, deſcribed with unflinching frankneſs as 'very bald.' The American luncher at the Langham Hotel, who found a hair in his butter, told the waiter that he 'liked his butter bald,' but baldneſs was not reckoned a virtue in Greek proſe. I really did ſtruggle to apply ſome philological hair-reſtorer (ſo to ſpeak) to my exerciſes in the language of Plato, and apparently not without ſucceſs. Thanks to our St. Andrews teaching, I don't mind boaſting that my Greek proſe was up to a Firſt in Moderations, ſince which triumph my proſe has invariably been attempted in our vernacular Engliſh. It would ill become me to ſay more of the Lectures of Profeſſor SELLAR, to which I always look back with a keen ſenſe of gratitude. To me they ſeemed as full of literary impulſe as valuable for

ſcholarly accuracy. HOMER, HERODOTUS, THUCYDIDES and PLATO are the books that I beſt remember reading under thoſe happy auſpices.

James F. Ferrier.

Profeſſor FERRIER's Lectures on Moral Philoſophy were the moſt intereſting and inſpiriting that I ever liſtened to either at Oxford or St. Andrews. I looked on Mr. FERRIER with a kind of myſterious reverence as on the laſt of the golden chain of great philoſophers. There was I know not what of dignity, of humour, and of wiſdom in his face; there was an air of the ſtudent, the vanquiſher of difficulties, the diſcoverer of hidden knowledge, in him, that I have ſeen in no other. His method at that time was to lecture on the Hiſtory of Philoſophy, and his manner was ſo perſuaſive that one believed firmly in the tenets of each School he deſcribed, till he advanced thoſe of the next! Thus the whole hiſtorical evolution of

Philoſophic evolution.

thought went on in the mind of each of his liſteners.

Theſe were the only Profeſſors with whom one came into contact. One might have employed the hours paſſed with them to more advantage, but they all at leaſt left friendly memories with their pupils. Probably the greater part of the work one did was reading odd old books out of the library for oneſelf. I remember ſtudying PARACELSUS, and PETRUS DE ABANO, and CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, and a few alchemiſts, and the novels of Lord LYTTON, and a good deal of Engliſh poetry.

Uſe of the Univerſity Library.

Mr. RHOADES, the firſt Warden of St. Leonards, was a delightful companion, whom one never thinks of without gratitude for his humorous patience towards at leaſt one idle ſcribbler. In thoſe days we had a weekly manuſcript *Magazine*. It was publiſhed, that is, was laid on

Henry T. Rhoades.

the table of the room in which we fenced and boxed, and played cricket (with a golf-ball and a poker), on Saturday mornings. I was the editor, and uſually wrote two thirds, or more, of the *Magazine* on Friday night by the glimmer of ſtolen candle-ends. My friend, the owner of the dark lantern, was the ſub-editor; his part was chiefly to cut out my very worſt things, but he *once* contributed an article which had a wild ſucceſs. Perhaps he remembers a ſketch called 'The Menagerie'; alſo a 'Defence on Philanthropic Principles of Negro Slavery.' Not even MARK TWAIN ever made me laugh ſo much as this delicious apology. It was originally delivered at the only meeting of the St. Leonards Debating Society. The ſub-editor aroſe like one inſpired, and poured forth an impaſſioned and eloquent panegyric on Slavery, at the end of which his audience were rolling,

The *St. Leonards Magazine*

The first and last debate.

in convulsive merriment, on beds (it was in a bedroom we met) or on the floor. Nobody replied, so convincing was the oration, nor did the Society ever again meet. For the rest, the *Magazine* (if I may say so, who wrote most of it) was perfectly amazing trash. I don't know whether the poetry or prose was most unutterably abject: the prose for choice. Some of the pictures (especially the series by Lord Archibald Campbell, illustrative of monastic life in the Middle Ages) were diverting enough. Perhaps a few of the translations in rhyme from Greek and Latin poets might also escape the universal bonfire, and very probably the reports of cricket and football were copious and not incorrect. We played the University at football, and never had a chance; indeed we could only make up a fifteen by forcing hopeless muffs into the service. At cricket we beat Cupar (the celebrated, perhaps mythical,

Bowling Butcher did not play), a tremendous triumph, probably our only victory, despite the exertions of a brilliant left-handed bowler, our own dear sub-editor. Men had a way of flirting with fair spectators in the long fields, against which the satire of the *Magazine* was vainly directed. The wickets, also, were not of the sort that encourage scientific play. The field was in the Abbey precinct, and we reached it by walking along the wall; the tower, in fine weather, was a picturesque pavilion. Only one of us was of any force at golf; his portrait (smelling the head of his club) will be found by the curious in the old *Magazine*. The sub-editor, however, drove the longest, and wildest, of balls, and it was good fun to play with him behind a foursome of Professors. He shelled them from an unprecedented distance, as later, at Oxford, he drove cricket balls from the

Naturam expellas furcâ, etc.

'Fore!'

town end of the Magdalen ground all acroſs the pitch of 'Univ. Coll.' In fact, to him we applied the line about Lancelot—

'His mood was often like a fiend—and *drove!*'

There were two literary and debating Societies then (in the Univerſity, not the Hall), and we uſed to wrangle a good deal. This humble pen nearly broke up one Society, I forget which, by an Eſſay on the Character of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE. A book called *The Greateſt of the Plantagenets* furniſhed the facts (or fancies), and the Knight of Ellerſlie was painted in the darkeſt colours. I only remember the remark —'And this is Scotland's choſen hero! Why, gentlemen, NERO was, comparatively, a Chriſtian Martyr!' There was a royal, nay a Parliamentary, row after this, for 'The Butcher of Ellerſlie' appears to have been rather a favourite with the members of the Society. I

Patriotic youth.

bear him no malice: perhaps he was a worthy gentleman. This remarkable effuſion was read by Mr. Cox—he will excuſe my mention of his name—and though not the author, he was a good deal reviled becauſe 'he read it as if he ſeemed to like it.' After this performance I conceived that my perſonal ſafety and dignity would be beſt conſulted by withdrawing from the ſomewhat ſtormy debates of the Society.

Blind Harry's Nemeſis.

Such were the ſtudies and diverſions of St. Leonards Hall. I ſeriouſly believe that a more harmleſſly indolent ſet of boys never broke windows on wet days in the long paſſage (probably that has ceaſed to exiſt), nor putted with a cleek in the club-maker's ſhop at a ball ſet on the neck of a bottle; nor bathed, in February, and dreſſed by a fire lit in the cave; nor ſet booby-traps for each other; nor went on runs acroſs country, and fell into brooks, and finally ran

Diverſions

and impreſſions.

hundred-yard ſpurts up the bed of the ſame.

If we did little good, we did ſtill leſs harm, and perhaps we took in, unconſciouſly, a good ſtore of happineſs from the ruined towers, the long rollers always breaking on the limitleſs ſands, the ivy mantling the ruined walls of St. Leonard's Chapel, the roſe light in the wintry ſky, all the memories that haunt the ancient city and the windy ſhores. We made other memories too, which we leave there, which we leave unſpoken; the world is full of theſe, every man has his own place that is haunted by the viſion of loſt faces, the ſound of ſilent ſpeech. On St. Andrews ſands, too, 'the ſea moans round with many voices.'

A Lang.

John Tulloch.

IT is more than a year ſince Principal TULLOCH died, and our grief at loſing him has yielded in part to pride in having had him. But a freſh ſhadow is caſt upon theſe pages. This tribute to the late Principal of St. Màry's was to have been written by Profeſſor BAYNES, and the preſent volume, like the Univerſity, is bereaved and impoveriſhed by the removal of one ſo accompliſhed and ſo amiable. There ſhould have ſtood here, as was moſt fitting, a memorial by a man of letters to a fellow-worker in literature and an intimate friend: the loſs is one which

few, if any, could make good; certainly not I.

His many-ſidedneſs.

It is impoſſible to touch here on all the ſides of Principal Tulloch's character and work. He occupied a high poſition as a man of letters, as a member of ſociety, as the head of a Univerſity, as a Churchman, as a preacher; and after his death his praiſe was lifted up in the moſt various quarters. I think I ſhall be leaſt in danger of preſumption if I ſpeak of him as a teacher of one of the branches of Univerſity ſtudy—as a theologian.

If it be one of the functions of a Univerſity to proſecute the ſtudy of religion in a calmer atmoſphere and with inſtruments of more preciſion than thoſe of the Churches, and to do this with a view to permanent ſcientific knowledge, then he greatly helped our Univerſity to fulfil her theological miſſion. When he began his work as a teacher, the ſtate

of theology in Scotland was deplorable. An abject Bible-worship had long stifled inquiry, and the competition among the various Churches, which should appear most orthodox, gave to the beliefs and practices then prevalent a reputation of inviolable sanctity.

Principal Tulloch was never an iconoclast, but he saw very clearly from the first that the study of theology must adopt new methods, and take note of classes of facts it had previously ignored. There was nothing of the priest, nothing of the dogmatist or controversialist, in him. Perhaps his tastes and habits of mind were at first rather those of a literary student than those of a clergyman; at all events, his splendid literary gifts and his early achievements as an author gave him a confidence and grasp in dealing with theological matters which the study of theology alone has little tendency to form. The heavy

Early work.

chains which religion then laid upon the intellect of the country in no degree paralyſed his mind, and his work was marked from the outſet by independence and vigorous common ſenſe.

His literary inſtinct could not of itſelf have made him ſucceſsful in theology; but it was reinforced by a ſpeculative faculty which enabled him to lay an unerring finger on what was living and important in religious doctrine, and to paſs by what was trivial and unedifying. Theology was to him a part of philoſophy; he could not have taught it otherwiſe. On the one hand, therefore, his dealings with it were thoſe of an accompliſhed and high-minded man of letters, far above perſonalities and vain ſhows of ingenuity, and adorned with an eaſy, charming, and pathetic movement; on the other hand, they were thoſe of a powerful mind, familiar with all the elements of thought, and

Theology a part of Philoſophy.

ſeeking in matters of the moſt ſerious concern for a reaſonable view. To the ſpiritual philoſophy of his early work on *Theiſm* he was true to the end. Among his laſt writings are eſſays maintaining the ſpiritual and theiſtic poſition againſt ſuch empiriciſm as that of Matthew Arnold, and ſuch materialiſm as that of Lange and our own men of ſcience. For details merely as ſuch he did not care. He could never have concentrated himſelf as a ſpecialiſt on a ſmall corner of his ſubject, and we even diſcern in him a certain impatience of Biblical Criticiſm where not viſibly bearing on ſome great theological iſſue.

Not a ſpecialiſt.

He dealt with large matters, and in a diſtinguiſhed way. The teaching of religious ſcience during his occupation of the Chair is a thing of which the Univerſity may well be proud. His methods were freſh and comprehenſive, and fitted to impreſs on the ſtudents a

belief in the reality and the value of the ſubject. Lectures on comparative theology were given, at a time when that ſcience was more ſuſpected and leſs known than it is now. Inſtead of detailed pleading for the doctrines of the Confeſſion, there was expoſition of its hiſtory. Special doctrines of Chriſtianity were traced hiſtorically through the various periods of the Church.

The meaning of dogma.

The nature of dogma was explained, and it was ſhown to be, not an iron law promulgated from the firſt in its entirety, but a thing which naturally aroſe at a certain diſtance of time from the original fact to ſatisfy a practical need of the Chriſtian conſciouſneſs. The public is well acquainted with the way in which his biographical ſketches of great Reformers and divines were made to teach the principles of which they were the champions.

Rarely can the ſubject have been

taught ſo attractively. The teaching of doctrine in our age muſt conſiſt chiefly of the teaching of its hiſtory, and Principal TULLOCH brought to the uſe of this method a rare hiſtorical feeling both as to perſons and ideas, and an admirable faculty for handling principles. In his hands the hiſtorical method was, as when rightly uſed it muſt be, not a war path, but a way of peace. It was the intellectual baſis of the wide and generous toleration which is viſible in all his works, and which had its root alſo in his character. To one who knew ſo well how the various religious poſitions men now occupy have been arrived at, and to what elements of human nature they correſpond, it was impoſſible to hate or ſcorn any of them, even had his heart allowed him to do ſo. Here we touch the ſecret of a conſervatiſm at which his younger admirers ſometimes wondered. He felt how

The hiſtoric method.

others could find comfort in ways of thinking which had no intellectual attraction for him, and he was very unwilling that they ſhould be ſhocked or pained. The hiſtorical ſtudent of opinions need not be charged with timidity if he is patient of opinions which are intellectually doomed. Principal Tulloch often ſought to reſtrain the ardour of young men, and exhorted them to modeſty and charity. He was averſe to extremes on one ſide as well as the other.

His moderation.

Yet he enjoyed a conſtant and well-deſerved popularity with all whoſe minds were open. He had an unfailing ſympathy with intellectual activity. There is a legend that, when miniſter of Kettins, he poſſeſſed the firſt copy of Robertson's ſermons which came to that part of the country, and uſed to lend the volumes to others, to be read with a fearful joy. His ſtudents ſaw in him the

friend of their minds, and he earned in no ſmall degree the gratitude of the earneſt and thoughtful in the Church by inſiſting that it was of the very nature of the Church to comprehend various ways of thinking, and that ſubſcription to a creed could bind no man to all its details, but only to its general tenor and ſpirit. How he loved the Church of Scotland, and how vehement he was in her defence, is known to all; his work as a teacher would have had far leſs charm for him had it not been connected with the practical training of her miniſters. But he was zealous for her growth, and ſought with all his might to make her worthy of the cultivation and ſuited to the needs of the new age.

His view of Subſcription.

St. Andrews is a ſadly changed place to thoſe who never knew the old city without him, and who now think that they will never again hear on her ſtreets his bright greeting nor his hearty

laughter. But the mourning of the Univerſity when he died was ſhared by the whole nation, from its ſovereign downwards, and though we have loſt his preſence, we have a great and honoured name as a poſſeſſion, of which we cannot be deprived.

Our legacy.

ALLAN MENZIES.

IN OBITUM

Viri Reverendi Joannis Tulloch, S.T.P.,

COLLEGII S. MARIÆ PRÆSIDIS

'In quem illud elogium: Uno ore plurimi conſentiunt Populi Primarium fuiſſe Virum.'

Cic. *De Fin.* ii. 35. *De Senect.* 17.

CCIDIT heu! nimium celeri quem morte peremptum
Præſtantem luget Scotia tota Virum:—
Præſtantem ingenio, quod ſurſum et ad optima tendens
Provexit ſtudiis excoluitque labor:
Præſtantem eloquio, quod nunquam Eccleſia fruſtra
Certam in re dubia ferre petebat opem.
Ah! ubi, quem multos Academia noſtra per annos
Fovit dulce decus præſidiumque ſinu?

Ah! ubi nunc facies, riſuſque, et regia formæ
Majeſtas vera ſimplicitate placens?
Quærimus incaſſum! Sed non evanuit omnis,
Conſtanti vita quem ſibi finxit, honos.
Egregia aſſidui remanent monumenta laboris,
Nec Tempus poterit perdere mentis opus:
Nec deſiderium, fidique inſignia luctus
Ceſſabunt abitum vix numeranda ſequi.
Partiri noſtrum dignata eſt ipſa dolorem
Regina, et lacrymas conſociare ſuas.
Quinetiam afflictum poſt Te ſupereſſe recuſat—
Teque obeunte vetus nunc obit[1] Officium.

C. W.

[1] The threatened extinction of the office has not been carried into effect.

[TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.]

A Chief Man amongſt his People.

DEAD! by too ſwift a doom! the man of might,
Whom Scotia mourns through all her varied land,
Strong in a nature braced to wiſdom's height
By ſtrenuous toil and ſtudies nobly planned.
Strong in an eloquence, whoſe aid in gloom
His church aye ſought, and never ſought in vain.
Why ſinks our glory to the ſilent tomb?
Ah! wherefore may we not our ſhield retain?
Where now the radiant mien, the lordly port,
The infectious laugh, the grandly ſimple cheer?
Idly we aſk. But Fame, though life be ſhort,
Lives after death for ſouls that perſevere.

And noble triumphs of his puiſſant pen
Remain. Time cannot wreck the works of mind.
Unnumbered ſigns from loyal hearts of men
Shall prove the undying grief he leaves behind.
Nay, even our Sovereign bends her queenly grace
To ſhare our grief, and mingles tear for tear.
And, loathing to outlive thee, even thy Place
Reſigns its ancient pride to join thy bier.

J. T.

HOW ſhall we ſpeak of him?
They ſeem
But idle words that count his praiſe:
And all the darkneſs of the days
That miſs him is but as a dream.

Clear eye that ever fearleſs gazed,
As mountain-eagle's, on the ſun,
And ſaw that ſtainleſs truth is One,
And read her records unamazed!

Great heart of love, whoſe inmoſt truſt
Unſhaken lay,—whoſe trumpet-voice
Made our poor wavering ſouls rejoice
That truth is true, and God is juſt!

. . . And we, whom he hath comforted,
From our grey city by the ſea
Look forth in ſad dreams doubtingly,
And cannot deem that he is dead.

A. W.

1886.

Principal Shairp.

IT is in round numbers ſomewhat over a quarter of a century ſince JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, on the death of Profeſſor PYPER, was appointed to the Chair of Humanity in the United College, and yet the manly and vigorous preſence of thoſe early years—ſo full of vitality, energy, and earneſt purpoſe—ſeems to have had but ſcanty time for adequate effort and ſelf-exhauſtion. One feels, indeed, as if it would be the natural thing, on a morning on next November, to ſee Profeſſor SHAIRP lightly paſs over the familiar quadrangle from the weſtern gate, and

rapidly aſcend the flight of ſteps leading to his old claſs-room door. The fact, however, remains, and will force itſelf upon the attention, that his work there has long been over, that other duties as well have been bravely and ſatisfactorily performed, and that the record is complete.

His introductory addreſs.

Students entering College for the firſt time naturally made the acquaintance of Profeſſor SHAIRP before coming to know any of his diſtinguiſhed colleagues. The hour at which he met his junior claſs, being early in the day, gave him the opportunity of introducing the new 'citizens of the Univerſity' to their academical routine. Thoſe who were privileged to liſten to the wiſe and weighty introductory addreſſes with which, for ſeveral years, he began the work of the ſeſſion, cannot fail to have a vivid and a grateful recollection of the ſtrict and manly purpoſe with which he

ſtrove to inſpire his hearers, his earneſt appeal, his ſtrong admonition, and the ſtirring note of his encouragement. He ſtood there, a comparatively young man, addreſſing younger men, charged with a deep and noble ſympathy for them in their new poſition, and ready to help them on the path he had juſt trod before them. It needed but ſmall penetration to diſcover in the ſpeaker a tender and ſenſitive obſerver, a wiſe and anxious adviſer, and a true and ſteadfaſt friend.

His poems—

It was in thoſe earlier years that Profeſſor SHAIRP was buſy with the poems that were publiſhed in 1864, under the title of *Kilmahoe and other Poems*, and he was likewiſe, in the ſame period, working at the admirable eſſays afterwards embodied in his *Studies in Poetry and Philoſophy*. Many of the chips from his workſhop were preſented, as the days went on, to thoſe under his

especially the Scottish Poems.

charge. It was no surprise, for instance, to those who had frequently heard him quote from Burns in illustration of the *Odes of Horace*, to find such admirable Scottish products in the *Kilmahoe* volume as 'The Loosing Time' and 'The Bush aboon Traquair.' Even little incidental touches, strikingly characteristic, had a significance of their own. It was, for example, a happy outcome of his genial nature and his special bias when, on a very snowy morning in mid-winter, he addressed the venerable janitor (surrounded by shivering junior students) in the spontaneous and comprehensive summary, 'Sair day, Tammas!' It was, further, characteristic of the poet, whose hunting reminiscence is so skilfully crystallised in 'The Run,' after hurrying across the quadrangle one bracing spring morning, to captivate together venerable janitor and junior

ſtudents of Humanity by taking the flight of ſteps at a ſingle bound. And his frequent wreſtlings with Gaelic-ſpeaking ſtudents and their ineffable gutturals, while not deſtitute of immediate philological value, find a loftier, and more touching, and more abiding interpretation in the light of all he has ſaid and ſung of the Highlands.

The higheſt qualities Principal SHAIRP diſplayed in the Profeſſorial Chair—his rare power of expoſition, his ready appreciative ſympathy, and his conſiſtent moral earneſtneſs — are likewiſe the qualities by which he will continue to be known in literature. Curiouſly enough, there is but little trace in his writings of that vein of genuine humour from which he would pleaſantly draw both in his lecture-room and among his friends. When he took pen in hand he was almoſt invariably dominated by the deep ſeriouſneſs of his deliverance.

The ſeriouſneſs of his nature.

He hoped that his publiſhed lectures and eſſays would reach 'ſome of the thoughtful young.' He never forgot the leſſon impreſſed upon him by Wordsworth, that we are all ſteadily 'ſtepping weſtward.' This generation probably recogniſes leſs fully than its ſucceſſor will do how much the doctrine of 'plain living and high thinking' owes to the earneſt advocacy of Principal SHAIRP. Whether at St. Andrews or at Oxford, while occupying the Chair of Poetry, he was conſiſtent in his zealous proclamation of the beauties of the higher life. Culture to him was as nothing apart from religion, and next to the ſtudy of the Scriptures he was inclined to place a ſyſtematic and reverent ſtudy of Wordſworth. Still, his ſympathetic range, though limited, was by no means narrow, as may be ſeen in *Aſpects of Poetry*, the ripeſt fruit of his literary and philoſophic growth.

His eſtimate of Wordsworth.

It is aſtoniſhing how cloſely and minutely he knew the writers who had really attracted him. Evidence of this is given in his own poems, in which there are undiſguiſed and intentional echoes of his favourite poets, from Homer and Virgil to Wordſworth and Hew Ainſlie. At all times he was ready to recogniſe and appreciate what ſeemed a happy interpretation of an aſpect of external nature; and his deep, ſympathetic reverence for what is beautiful and pure and ennobling in God's world and man's found ampleſt ſcope for exerciſe in his long, perſiſtent, and loving obſervation of Highland character and ſcenery. He has made the Highlands his own from the Tay to Loch Maree, and we ſhall hope at no diſtant date to have his beautiful and touching Highland lyrics in permanent form. Meanwhile, through the kindneſs of Mrs. SHAIRP, whoſe love of Nature poetry is akin to that of her diſ-

Feeling for the Highlands.

tinguiſhed huſband, the following poem is here given as illuſtrative of what has been ſaid of Principal SHAIRP's affection for Highland people, and as likewiſe embodying one of his later Nature-ſtudies. It may be introduced with the ſimple criticiſm that here, as elſewhere, the poet is faſcinated with the grandeur of Nature and with truthfulneſs of character, and that his illuſtration of life is in keeping with his conſiſtent creed, ſo well ſummed up in the words of the old dramatiſt, that 'man is a name of honour for a king.'

THOMAS BAYNE.

AT LOCH ERICHT:

SEPTEMBER 1875.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

A BOWSHOT from the Loch aloof,
Beſide a burn that ſings its tune
All day and night, a ſhepherd's roof
Smokes in the quiet afternoon.
Behind it the long corrie cleaves
A boſom in the Bens, and leaves
Theſe to enfold their wide embrace
Of arms around this dwelling-place.

Home lovelier, more from kirk and ſchool
Removed, is not in Highland ground.
Acroſs the Loch it looketh full
Into Benaulder's coves profound,
And evermore, before his broad
And ſolemn preſence over-awed,
Receives a too depreſſing ſenſe
Of Nature's power, man's impotence.

Acroſs the burn its peat-moſs lies,
This ſide ſome plats for meadow hay;
Unflagging there the ſhepherd plies
His labour all this autumn day—
He and his dark Lochaber wife—
To ſtore the hay and fuel rife,
This fleeting, paſſing autumn prime,
'Gainſt ſnowdrift in their Alpine clime.

Hard by, bare-headed, ſhout and leap
Their lads and laſſes at their play;
The clamorous collies yelp, and keep
The kye from the kail-yard at bay—
But all theſe cries, this houſehold din,
Can ſcarce a fainteſt echo win
From this vaſt huſh, wherein they ſeem
No more than voices heard in dream.

O, were this ſtillneſs lodged within
The countleſs hearts in cities pent,
To mitigate their feveriſh din
With this ſoul-ſoothing element,

The vext ſoul's tumult to allay
By thought and quiet having way,
And ſoothe their pulſes' anxious throes
With cool of this profound repoſe!

Yet what is all earth's cities' roar,
The agitation loud and fierce,
That vex her countleſs hearts, before
The ſtill all-girdling univerſe?
No more than is the little noiſe
This houſehold at each day's employs
Makes, in the preſence of the vaſt
Abſorbing ſilence round them caſt!

ON THE WINDOW TO THE
Memory of Principal Shairp
IN THE
COLLEGE CHURCH OF ST. LEONARDS.

BLAZONED by limner's art upon the pane,
Lo, they that ruled his life, the powers divine,
Faith, Knowledge, Virtue ſtaid, and Love benign!
So we who kneel within this ancient fane,
Mourning his empty place, nor all in vain
Perchance by ſorrow ſchooled, accept as ſign
From heaven the tender glory of ſunſhine
That doubly rich glows through the gorgeous ſtain.
The Three reſplendent ſtand beneath Love's throne,
Vailing their glorious heads alone to her!
One darkling paths threads unafraid, and one
From Wiſdom's written lore looks up for light
Heavenward; the third, in golden armour dight,
Is yet of Peace the unſhod harbinger.

L. I. Lumsden.

RETROSPECTIVE

AND

REFLECTIVE;

OR

The United College in the Light of Long Ago.

OWING to ſome queer combination of virtue and weakneſs it ſomehow happens that old ſailors have, when not ſhipwrecked, always ſailed in the beſt of ſhips, that old ſoldiers have always fought under the braveſt of generals, although hiſtory has generally overlooked them, and that old ſtudents have always had the felicity of being taught by two or three of the

beſt of Profeſſors at ſome College or other of unequalled renown.

I am very glad that Fate ſent me to be taught in St. Andrews. If I could be remitted to my teens, I would gladly go back to it, and, failing it, to Aberdeen, notwithſtanding the Latin idiom of the ſpeech and the Jewiſh idiom of the ſpirit. Glaſgow is far too vaſt a place for a young ſtudent, powerfully and terribly didactic though the huge ſweltering life of it muſt be. No doubt he will find amongſt its teeming, toiling thouſands the iſolation of the deſert, but the ſtars, glimmering through miſt and ſmoke, are the only features of nature that are not thickly veiled from his ſight. Edinburgh, ſince the union of the Crowns in 1603, and ſtill more ſince the cloſer union of 1707, has been ſevered from moſt of the realities of its old metropolitan life, and, as a curious ſympathetic conſequence, from nearly all reality what-

ſoever, with the reſult that it has been converted into what CARLYLE calls 'a wretched, inſincere, infidel place,' in which the prevailing creed is that the Divine conſiſts entirely in ſurface appearances, and that plauſibility and pretence are always as good, and ſometimes better, than truth and juſtice. A moſt admirable perch it was for the great ſceptic, DAVID HUME, to reſt on for a little, as he hovered over and peered eagerly into the bottomleſs abyſs of exiſtence; a grand ſite for a medical ſchool which induſtriouſly ſearches out health for the living by cutting up the dead; a moſt appropriate battlefield for the churches, for it is already paved with the bones of the dead, and is extremely uncertain whether the ſpirit that is to breathe upon them will rekindle them into life, or light among them the fires of the Valley of Hinnom.

My College courſe at St. Andrews

extended from the November of 1849 to the April of 1853, both months inclusive, and I can hardly suppose that, if Destiny gave me leave, I would care to alter either the dates or the Professors. No doubt if by miracle the St. Andrews student could enter into or imitate the spiritual experiences or illusions of SWEDENBORG, he might desire to listen to a Latin discourse from GEORGE BUCHANAN, or a lecture on the association of ideas from JOHN MAJOR, author of the brocard, disinterred by Sir W. HAMILTON, *One thought follows another as the cobbler's thread follows the bristle*, —or an ingenious exposition of scholastic dogmas by 'Regent' JAMES DALRYMPLE, on his way to become first Lord Stair, or a storm of eloquent denunciation or enthusiasm from Dr. CHALMERS; but owing to ignorance or some other mental defect I always sink into the conviction that St. Andrews

United College was never ſo well worth attending as during the days when in its claſs-rooms DUNCAN taught mathematics, SPALDING taught logic, and other arts of diſſeminating thought both conſtructive and deſtructive, FERRIER taught metaphyſics and moral ſcience, illuſtrating living literature in his literary ſtyle, and in the ſtrange tones, pauſes, and inflections of his voice, and Dr. DAY, in his clear, charming converſations, always in native Engliſh, marſhalled, ſo as to firmly poſſeſs the memory with them, endleſs facts and theories about the ſtructure and functions of the human body.

A trio of teachers.

The laſt of theſe was the beſt *viva-voce* expounder of phyſical ſcience it was ever my fortune to liſten to, though I am not going to aſſert that SYME of Edinburgh, greateſt of ſurgeons, did not ſurpaſs him in preciſion and in terſeneſs; or that Sir ROBERT CHRISTISON did not

equal him in elegant clearneſs; or that Sir JAMES SIMPSON could not do fuller juſtice to the odd comicalities and curioſities of phyſiology.

The beginning of a time.

DUNCAN was for long the mainſtay of the United College, until death cleared out of the Chairs ſome incumbrances that ignorance or corruption had placed in them. DUNCAN is now known to fame chiefly as the lifelong friend of Dr. CHALMERS—'the beſt ſpecimen of the natural man' CHALMERS ever knew, to whom he turned, as to a ſerene elder brother, in all the troubles which his hot temper and his hotter enthuſiaſm kindled around him, for calm, unimpaſſioned advice, and, when it was eaſily poſſible, 'to ſolace himſelf with the cold immobility of his countenance.'

They were both natives of the East Neuk of Fife, and occupied the ſame rooms when at College, DUNCAN then and always acting the part of the ſedate

elder brother, and being then and always to the end the poſſeſſor of the more ſtrong, clear, accurate, and ſtable intellect. DUNCAN dedicates his treatiſe on *Plane Geometry*,[1] now an almoſt forgotten book, to CHALMERS, out of reſpect for 'high talent univerſally acknowledged and firſt diſplayed in mathematical ſcience.' But fortunately for CHALMERS (and the world), the mathematical was not his only, or by any means his greateſt, talent. His oratory excited and enchanted his own generation, and carried his fame round the planet. That he deſerved his fame, and was a great, ſtrong, true man, full of love for the godlike, full of hatred for the falſe, the ſelfiſh, and the baſe, I cannot doubt, but I can juſt as little doubt that, though DUNCAN was neither an orator nor a poet, in the field of pure,

Duncan and Thomas Chalmers.

[1] A reduced facſimile of title-page of this work is reproduced on p. 60.

ELEMENTS

OF

PLANE GEOMETRY

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

INCLUDING

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY, MENSURATION OF PLANE SURFACES AND GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS

By THOMAS DUNCAN, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

cold intellect, he was ſuperior to CHALMERS; his Engliſh ſtyle even can bear minute criticiſm better than that of CHALMERS. What may be called the metaphyſic of mathematical ſcience was talked over by DUNCAN to his claſſes quietly, ſhyly, almoſt tremulouſly—but with a clearneſs I have never found equalled either in living ſpeech or in permanent print. Once in private I ſaid ſomething to him of a complimentary character about the metaphyſico-mathematical powers of AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, to which he replied by way of curt formal aſſent, 'He is a moſt ingenious man at making a ſimple ſubject difficult.' This was a kind of ingenuity which DUNCAN rigidly repreſſed.

Somehow he had an unexplainable influence in the way of compelling ſtudents to work. For one thing, he examined all orally before the claſs, and the quiet ſarcaſm with which he

Anecdotes,

rendered a dunce or a totally careleſs ſtudent ridiculous was never very palatable to the ſubject of it, however much he might laugh with one corner of his mouth. To one impudent ſpecimen he was earneſtly explaining ſomething, and unconſciouſly moving forward to a diagram on the black-board which formed an element of the explanation. Impudent ſpecimen exclaims, 'I canna ſee through you, ſir!' to whom DUNCAN, after a ſtare of aſtoniſhment, retorts, 'I would be glad if you could ſee through onything.' To another (now a D.D.) caught pranking, he remarks, in algebraic dialect, 'Mr. B——, I uſed to think you a *negative* quantity, but now I begin to perceive that you are *poſitively* bad.' And to a third (one of a family of ſons who peſtered him, and now all lie in premature graves) who for overt miſchief required occaſionally to be turned out of the claſs-room, and had

authentic

returned after a temporary expulsion, taking his place in the back seat, DUNCAN says: 'You're there, are you, Mr. L——? That's not a good seat for *you*. Come forward to the front seat. In the first place, you'll be nearer me; in the second place, you'll be nearer the board; and in the third place, you'll be nearer the door!'

and unauthentic.

Another story of his readiness at retort is told, but in this instance not in relation to a student. Before his promotion to the Mathematical Chair, DUNCAN was Rector of Dundee Academy, and when there he was said to have proposed to a youngish lady, who promptly refused him. After his promotion the lady found that the state of her health required sea-bathing at St. Andrews; so she went over, took lodgings, and threw herself in the way of her rejected admirer. She met him frequently—always by accident, of course. He

talked frankly, as he uſed to do in Dundee, but never on the right ſubject. At laſt ſhe ſcrewed her courage up, and told him directly that ſhe had been expecting he would renew his old propoſal, as ſhe had changed her mind, to which he anſwered inſtantly, 'Ah! but I have changed my mind too.' I have heard this ſtory repeatedly both in St. Andrews and Dundee, and have even heard it referred to in Dundee, in an uncertain way, but not as purely apocryphal, by relatives of the lady. I am almoſt ſorry to caſt a doubt upon ſo nice a ſtory, but I muſt, by way of petty tribute to truth, tell that DUNCAN the laſt time I ſaw him told me, laughing over it as merrily as an octogenarian could do, the ſame ſtory about ADAM SMITH, giving Glaſgow as the locus and Dr. CHALMERS as his authority for this little bit of profeſſorial hiſtory or romance.

DUNCAN was a man of inflexible compoſure. He looked at mathematical truth with an eye that never quailed, and he talked of it with an eaſy, unhaſting confidence, and in a ſtyle ſo open to the ordinary intelligence, as to diſpel that appearance of myſtery that with the ſhallow and the hurried has a tendency to hang over mathematics, as if they were one of the moſt difficult, inſtead of one of the ſimpleſt, leaſt complex of ſubjects —a ſet of notions requiring nothing to maſter them unleſs reſolute, honeſt, ſure-footed intellect, walking always by ſight, and never by faith. The habit of looking for the propoſitions of reaſon without winking or flinching, and at them without aſtoniſhment or alarm, was taught by DUNCAN, both by precept and example, and was his chief contribution to the culture of his ſtudents. FERRIER, too, taught or helped forward the ſame habit in leſs firm, more tranſcend-

Ferrier and Spalding.

ental planes;—SPALDING alſo, but only in the region of logic. His incurſions into the realms of philoſophy were never ſatisfactory.

SPALDING was quick in his perceptions, and truth-loving in intention; but there was a feveriſh haſte about all he did. What the ſtudent acquired from him (temporarily, at leaſt) was an irreſiſtible impulſe to work, an impulſe foſtered by his example, by his talk at the beginning of each afternoon lecture, interſperſed with ſudden pinches of ſnuff, about the laſt eſſay, and the varying ſucceſs of the writers thereof, the coming eſſay or eſſays, the next examination or examinations all lying ahead, and being more or leſs prepared for,—talk coming out of a full, earneſt heart, occupied with the importance of all work, eſpecially the work in which he and all his hearers had a common intereſt. What the ſtudent never ac-

quired from him was a *love* of the learning or of the ideas that he tried to impart. Moſt effective of univerſity 'grindſtones,' he ſharpened the intellectual faculties, ſo that they would ſhrink from no effort to reap the appointed field of knowledge, however ſterile and rocky. But ſomehow the reaper's impulſe was generally, if not always, external or non-ſubjective; ſo far as he was concerned in the inner ſpirit, this field of windle-ſtraws and thiſtles might have ſtood unreaped till the fire of Doomſday.

A good critic and an excellent teacher.

SPALDING himſelf was a ſplendid worker, one of the hardeſt, moſt honeſt workers I have ever known—certainly never the like of him among the eaſy-going race of Profeſſors; but ſomehow his books, full of patiently-digeſted knowledge though they be, read like records of travail and pain. There is little joy, or hope, or enthuſiaſm in them. His

Impulſe to work.

life was a long battle; at leaſt, it laſted for forty-eight years. He was a ſtranger to reſt—apparently even to the deſire for it—until the laſt reſt came upon him, at an age when many other ſeekers after truth are beginning to diſcover their vocation. To work, work, work without ceaſing was his rule of life, ſteadily enforced by example, often by precept. What he taught in this regard is valuable; never pleaſant, but often neceſſary, for it is ſeldom that the work a man is bound to do is the work he would come out of Paradiſe to pick for himſelf.

Ferrier's intellectual chivalry

To the fields of literature and ſpeculation FERRIER reſtored glimpſes of the ſunſhine of Paradiſe. Under his magical ſpell they ceaſed to look like fields that had been curſed with weeds, watered with ſweat and tears, and levelled and planted with untold labour. Every utterance of his tended alike to

diſcloſe the beauty and penetrate the myſtery of exiſtence. He was a perſevering philoſopher, but he was alſo a poet by gift of nature. The burden of this moſt unintelligible world did not oppreſs him, nor any other burden. Intellectual action probing the riddles of reaſon was a joy to him. He loved philoſophy and poetry for their own ſake, and he infected others with a kindred, but not an equal, paſſion. He could jeſt and laugh and play. If he ever diſcovered that much ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh, he moſt effectually concealed that diſcovery.

His infective charm.

As between the *utility* of the teaching of FERRIER and SPALDING, I do not pretend to decide. I think the teaching of both was very uſeful—I might ſay incalculably uſeful,—and not the leſs ſo becauſe diametrically different in quality and influence. But if the value of either can be made matter of calcula-

tion, I ſhould ſay it is the teaching of SPALDING, of which the money value is ſteady, certain, and comparatively commonplace.

Mammon can never grudge or refuſe to give wages—bread and water wages,—or it may be buttered bread and wine, or perhaps tea and coffee, to a ſkilled journeyman in the trade of hack-literature; but Mammon—poor, ſordid, grovelling monſter, crawling on his belly often, and never neglecting to fill it—may well be excuſed from appraiſing or aſpiring to acquire the gleanings of adventurers in thoſe tranſcendental fields where wild-flowers grow in abundance, but no corn; where gods and diſembodied ſpirits may find pleaſant recreation, but from which there is as yet no recogniſed traffic that can be faſtened on for taxation, or uſed to furniſh a wine-cellar, or ſet up a carriage and pair, or a picture gallery.

Nearly every ſtudent has had ſome one Profeſſor to whom he looks back with eyes of ſpecial affection and gratitude. The Profeſſors I would have gone furtheſt out of my way to ſerve were DUNCAN, FERRIER, DAY, and FISCHER. From the laſt I learned a great deal about Mathematics and Natural Philoſophy that I found it very difficult—indeed, I may ſay impoſſible—to learn from books; for the authors of treatiſes on Natural Philoſophy, though ſmart enough at ſneering at the obſcurity of metaphyſicians, would be none the worſe for a courſe of training in ſpeculative ſubtlety and preciſion, in order to help them to expreſs their meaning clearly, fully, and diſtinctly; and the facts that Profeſſor FISCHER is ſtill alive, and was not a very popular teacher (though always much liked and highly eſteemed as a man), will not deter me from aſſerting as truth known to me,

Metaphyſics not boſh.

Even Nat. Phil. needs ideas.

that he has learning enough to ſupply the deficiencies of ſomewhere about a dozen of popular Profeſſors to whom it is eaſy to teach on the level of the meaneſt capacity, but rather difficult to riſe above it.

Honeſt and ſincere I would like this retroſpect to be, but it would be neither honeſt nor ſincere nor complete if I were to give the impreſſion that I was under no debt of gratitude to others of the leſs popular Profeſſors. The ſub-

Connell.

ſtance of old CONNELL'S teaching of Chemiſtry may have been a little anti-quated, but his ſtyle and manner of lecturing was that of a cultured gentle-man—cultured after the manner of the Edinburgh advocates of ſixty years ago, —and if ſomewhat pedantic, ſeldom wanting in elegance, and never in accuracy. He certainly taught us as much Chemiſtry as we had leiſure to

Pyper.

remember. Dr. PYPER, too, had the

benefit of a long courſe of Edinburgh culture. He was thought not to be ſtrong in Latin, but he was certainly a maſter of Engliſh. He could write very well, and talk well, though, owing to natural modeſty and nervouſneſs, his ſentences occaſionally ſtagnated into 'that that,' or burſt into vacuity. To Dr. ALEXANDER alſo it was ſaid a profound acquaintance with the Greek, which it was his duty to teach, had been denied, and, what was far worſe, his ſenſe of hearing was imperfect. But it may be ſafely ſaid he was ready to teach more Greek than any St. Andrews ſtudent was willing to learn. He was a man of no inconſiderable natural parts, equipped by Nature indeed with the phyſical and mental qualities and graces of an effective orator, probably a pulpit orator. Among the moſt touching little bits of eloquence I have ever heard were his appeals to my claſs-

Alexander.

fellows to refrain from noiſe, and not to take advantage of his 'infirmity.' Theſe appeals always ſucceeded for the hour, or for a day or two; but the ſpirit of a primeval ſavagery, dating from before Troy, never took a long ſleep in the Greek claſs-room in my time.

The debt to one and all;

To the teachers who taught me I owe no grudge whatever, only gratitude, both from what they did, as alſo for what they were willing and anxious to do; hardly a grudge even to my rivals: they did me far more good than harm, and taught me much which would have been learned only at far more coſt in the big, hard ſchool of the world. To the hoary walls of the old city itſelf I feel as if I were under inexpreſſible obligations—dread, ſilent monitors of the flight of generations to me, the child of yeſterday. What have they not ſeen of faithful or ſordid

to the city itſelf.

priests and fanatical reformers, robbers of consecrated stones, citizen, artisan, or smuggler; the thousands upon thousands of the opulent and industrious, who sleep among the ruins of the old Cathedral? Have they not been wont to look out for annual immigrations of young, aspiring students from farms and villages, with rosy cheeks and red gowns? also of summer bathers seeking amusement or health? also irregular apparitions of sturdy golfing old fogeys, with their crooked tools, red coats, happy, fussy, jovial manners, and anxious, tacit speculations as to whether part of the Elysian fields may not have been laid out for a golfing course? Have they not seen and wept over all the comedy and tragedy of an ecclesiastical metropolis, thrown up to rot piecemeal on the rocks of time?—all the rolling, commingling tide of trivial and substantial,—meditative teacher, scheming ecclesiastic, golfing

Omnes eodem cogimur;

omnium versatur urna.

ariſtocrat, ſhrieking fiſhwife, budding poet, earneſt ſtudent, rolling along, decade after decade, over the old ſtreets, under the ſhadow of the old wall-flowers, to the moaning muſic of the old, far-ſounding ſea?

J. Campbell Smith.

Patrick Proctor Alexander.

WHAT memories come to me as I write the well-known and much-loved name—'PAT ALEXANDER'! It is as my father's friend I like beſt to think of him. As lads they went together to the ſame ſchool—the Madras College, St. Andrews, and in due courſe to the 'Old College.' They had the ſame friends, and were intereſted in the ſame purſuits and ſtudies. They kept up a conſtant correſpondence, chiefly on literary and philoſophical ſubjects, when the one was a country miniſter, and the other, inſtead of being engaged in ſoldiering, as he

Two friends.

Philoſophy between the ſtrokes.

would have wiſhed, was, by some untoward fate, trying, or rather in no manner of way trying, to make for himſelf a buſineſs career in Glaſgow. Then for more than thirty years they met regularly at St. Andrews. The ſummer fourſome at golf would be leiſurely enjoyed, and ſome grave philoſophic problem would be diſcuſſed between the ſtrokes. The winter's evening would find them interchanging, 'acroſs the walnuts and the wine,' reminiſcences of their College days.

How well I remember their famous ſtories! and how, as Pat would recall ſome amuſing incident, the dear father would rub his hands together, and lie back in his chair and explode with laughter—for he laughed, as he did everything elſe, with his whole body, mind, and ſoul,—and would lay his hand upon the ſhoulder of his friend, and would ſay 'O Pat!' implying that he

was exaggerating or drawing largely upon his imagination, while Pat in turn, with cigar in his mouth and thumbs in his waiſtcoat ſleeves, his face thrown back and gleaming with droll humour, would ſay, 'My dear fellow, I aſſure you it is quite true. I remember it as well as poſſible.'

And there would often be the earneſt wiſh expreſſed that he would write on this ſubject or on that, and the as frequent half-cynical, half-contemptuous 'What's the good?'

His writings.

And yet he did write, and what he wrote ſhows the wonderful powers of the man, and the poſſibilities that were in him. His *Mill and Carlyle* and *Moral Cauſation* are full of ſubtle thinking and exquiſite humour, ſometimes ſly and ſometimes grim; his eſſay on 'Spiritualiſm' is exceedingly clever; his biographical ſketch of his friend Alexander Smith is done with charming

His parody.

appreciation and delicate touch; his *Sauerteig* by Smelfungus is really a wonderful piece of parody, replete with genius and charged with ſatire. His literary inſtincts were of the trueſt, and his inſight at once acute and tender. The few pieces of verſe he wrote give ample evidence of the eminence he might have attained had he cared to cultivate the art. We think he rather liked them himſelf. Now and again he would ſend them to his friends, accompanied by ſatirical, cynical, critical, and generally depreciatory remarks about their 'wretchedneſs.' The following ſonnet on Sleep is perfect in its delineation of a mood, and faultleſs in its expreſſion:—

His verſes.

'Come to me now! O come! benigneſt ſleep!
And fold me up, as evening doth a flower,
From my vain ſelf, and vain things which have power
Upon my ſoul to make me ſmile or weep.
And when thou comeſt, oh, like Death, be deep—
No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,

More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedleſs of the night-winds how they ſweep.
I have not in me half that cauſe of ſorrow
Which is in thouſands who muſt not complain;
And yet this moment, if it could be mine
To lapſe and paſs in ſleep, and ſo reſign
All that muſt yet be borne of joy and pain,
I ſcarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.'

How we ſhall remember him

It is to be hoped that ſome collection will be made of his verſes which may ſerve as a memorial of a ſtrikingly handſome and highly-gifted man; a loyal, tender, and affectionate friend, an amuſing and genial companion, and as kind, courteous, warm-hearted, brave a ſoul as ever lived. Long will he be remembered on winter nights in the Edinburgh Evening Club, and on ſummer days by the banks of Lochleven and on the Links of St. Andrews.

We bid him farewell in his own lines—

'His ears are ſhut from happy ſound;
His eyes are ſoftly ſealed;

in familiar places.

The oft-trod old familiar ground,
  The hill, the wood, the field;
This path which well he loved that runs
  Far up the ſhining river,
Through all the courſe of ſummer-time
  He treads no more for ever.'

W. W. Tulloch.

St. Andrews

and

Girton.

A CHAPTER OF EDUCATIONAL HISTORY.

Eiulatio non virilis.

'IF a' the world had been like me, Fife would never ha'e been fun' oot!' So ſpoke an old Scotch farmer, who had an inland horror of the ſea. So thinks many a modern traveller who, in ſpite of railways, finds that, from eaſt, ſouth, and weſt, St. Andrews can only be reached by croſſing the inevitable bit of water.

But if St. Andrews is peninſular in

its geography, it conſiders itſelf remarkably coſmopolitan in its ideas. From the days of the Reformation downwards, many a new project, coldly received elſewhere, has found unlooked-for ſupporters in the 'little city, worn and grey.'

To take one illuſtration out of many. St. Andrews early threw itſelf into the movement which, ſome quarter of a century ago, was ſet on foot for raiſing the education of girls to a higher level. In 1868 it ſtarted a Ladies' Educational Aſſociation. Similar Aſſociations had been formed in other Univerſity towns in Scotland for the purpoſe of providing Univerſity Lectures to ladies. But St. Andrews was not ſatisfied with merely ſupplying a local want. It looked further afield. It ſaw that the day of better things for girls was dawning. So its Aſſociation called itſelf generally an Aſſociation

A wide viſion.

'for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Women,' and ſpecially put itſelf in connection with the London Central Committee for 'a Propoſed College for Women.'

Why did St. Andrews venture on this rather ambitious 'connection'?

To anſwer this queſtion, one muſt, as the children ſay, begin at the beginning—at the *very* beginning.

It was a cold grey day in the early winter of 1862. Students from Highlands and Lowlands were flocking into St. Andrews to enrol their names, to take out their claſs-tickets, to ſecure their lodgings, to diſcover their whereabouts. Among theſe ſtudents 'of the ſcarlet gown' appeared a lady from England, who quietly, and as if it were the moſt natural thing in the world, applied for a matriculation ticket, with the view of attending the Medical Claſſes. Such an occurrence was un-

An unparalleled occurence.

paralleled in Univerſity records. The learned authorities then ruling were completely at a loſs. The difficulty threatened to be ſerious, until Dr. DAY, then Profeſſor of Anatomy and Medicine, generouſly volunteered to give private inſtruction to the lady. St. Andrews is now proud to remember that ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D., counts its Univerſity among her *Almae Matres*.

A College for Women—

A few years later, and Miſs GARRETT was eſtabliſhed as a well-known doctor in London. One day ſeveral friends at her houſe—ſo the legend runs—were diſcuſſing, during afternoon tea, what could be done to provide a better education for girls of the higher middle claſs. Then and there the idea of the College—now realiſed in Girton—was ſuggeſted by Miſs EMILY DAVIES. This conference took place about the time when the St. Andrews Educational

Aſſociation was firſt being organiſed. Miſs Garrett's friends in St. Andrews heard from her of the propoſed College, and reſolved to include its promotion in their programme of work.

It muſt be confeſſed that to any College in wealthy England St. Andrews ſtood rather in the attitude of a poor relation; but, like all poor relations, it was very proud of its good (academic) blood and of its ancient pedigree, and by no means thought that its co-operation counted for nothing. And the College graciouſly accepted the goodwill of its northern friends, and ſupplied them with all information as to its own progreſs and proſpects.

first at Hitchin,

In 1869 the College was opened in a hired houſe at Hitchin, where it remained for five years, until the building now erected at Girton was ready. On the very firſt page of its hiſtory the 'poor relation' honourably appears.

then at Girton

Out of its five original ſtudents two came from Scotland, and one of theſe from St. Andrews. The memory of theſe firſt ſtudents is preſerved in the earlieſt Girton 'claſſic,' whoſe chorus celebrates

'Woodhead, Cook and Lumsden,
The Girton pioneers.'

The St. Andrews Aſſociation did other work, beſides trying to promote Girton College. For many years Univerſity Lectures were given under its auſpices to the ladies of St. Andrews. The Aſſociation has now practically come to an end, and its relics are, ſo to ſpeak, wrapped up in reſpectable brown paper, and put away upon the top ſhelf out of reach. This fate is the reſult of natural decay, not of violent death. It had done its work, and had prepared the way for other educational

The St. Andrews Aſſociation dies,

methods, and professorial lectures can now be given without its aid.

In 1877 the University of St. Andrews, seeing the readiness with which, all over the country, women availed themselves of their new educational opportunities, came forward, and—first of all the Universities—set the example of giving a diploma to women, by founding the 'L.L.A. degree.' The number who have applied for this distinction shows how highly women appreciate the somewhat mystic letters. Between 1877 and 1886, 11,059 have entered for the various examinations, of whom a large proportion have passed, and many have taken honours.

to live in its children.

The same year—1877—saw the founding of another successor of the Association—the St. Andrews School for Girls. This School, now known as St. Leonards School, is indeed its veritable daughter. One of the last

One 'veritable daughter'

pieces of work which the Aſſociation did, though by no means the leaſt, was to ſuggeſt the idea of ſuch a ſchool, and to communicate with people who were able to take it up and carry it into effect. The connection which of old exiſted between the Aſſociation and the College for Women exiſts ſtill more cloſely between St. Leonards and Girton. The firſt Head-miſtreſs of the School, to whom it owes much of its ſtatus and proſperity, was Miſs Lumsden, whoſe name is thus preſerved in St. Leonards ſtory as well as in Girton ſong. The preſent Head-miſtreſs, Miſs Dove, under whoſe management the School continues largely to develop and increaſe, alſo comes from Girton; and the ſtaff is conſtantly recruited by miſtreſſes, with certificates and honours, in claſſics and modern languages, in ſcience and hiſtory, who have been trained and taught at Girton. Pupils

owes thanks to Girton,

from the School, on the other hand, paſs nearly every year to the College, and of theſe all have taken more or leſs diſtinguiſhed places there.

Nobody muſt for one moment imagine that becauſe of this cloſe connection between the two, St. Leonards is a little Girton. It is a ſchool—emphatically nothing but a ſchool. The good old phraſe, 'School for Girls,' was adopted in preference to the high-ſounding 'Seminaries' and 'Colleges for Young Ladies,' which had beſprinkled the land. 'It is not even an Inſtitution!' a rejected ſervant remarked in a tone of deep diſguſt to her companion. It is ſimply a ſchool. Girls can be trained for Girton, or for any other College, but they only receive a thorough ſchool-girl education. But the word 'education' has grown delightfully wide now-a-days. It paſſes beyond the old 'leſſons' and 'accom-

but is no 'little Girton.'

pliſhments,' and that pretence of 'finiſhing' which was the bane of a former generation. At St. Leonards the girls play games—tennis pre-eminently—in a ſplendid playground. They practiſe gymnaſtics in a ſplendid gymnaſium. There are ſeparate little flower-plots, where, under the ſhelter of the old Abbey wall, each girl may cultivate her pet plants. There are, according to the ſeaſon, holidays for ſkating or for long country rambles after cowſlips and primroſes, ferns and foxgloves. Nor is the old-faſhioned 'ſeam'—Mary Somerville's abhorrence—forgotten. There are competitions in needlework, competitions where the prize is given, not to the moſt ſhowy piece of work, but to the neateſt ſtitches.

One uſe of an old monaſtery.

Hardly any corner in St. Andrews is ſo rich in hiſtoric aſſociations as the cluſter of buildings known as St. Leonards.

St. Leonards.

Going back to dateleſs days, it exiſted as a hoſpital for the reception and entertainment of pilgrims who came to viſit the bones of St. Andrew. The conflux of pilgrims ceaſed, owing, it is ſaid, to the ſaint's diſcontinuance of miracles, and the patrons of the hoſpital filled it with old women. But theſe old women 'producing little or no fruit of devotion,' were turned out, and the hoſpital was converted in 1512 into a College, where a liberal education was provided for twenty ſcholars, ſix of the moſt ardent of them being permitted to ſtudy theology. This College was in 1748 merged with that of St. Salvator's, and its buildings were turned into dwelling-houſes, ſome of which ſtill remain. Adjoining St. Leonards was the famous Monaſtery or Abbey, and the walls which encircle the preſent ſchool-garden are part of the old Abbey walls. Where girliſh forms now flit beneath the trees,

United with St. Salvator's.

quiet monks in long black robes once wandered and meditated. Do the bright young eyes of to-day ever catch a glimpſe of their ſombre predeceſſors?

But the monks vaniſhed, and in their ſtead ſat in the court of St. Leonards College JOHN KNOX the aged, exhorting the young men of his day to ſtand by the good cauſe. And cloſe beſide the champion of the Reformation is the apoſtle of culture, GEORGE BUCHANAN,[1] the greateſt Latin ſcholar whom Scotland had produced, and whom St. Leonards owns as its greateſt Principal. With his eyes full of the erudition of the ages, he gazed upon the ſame proſpect of ſea and wood and field which

John Knox.

George Buchanan.

[1] 'A city once archiepiſcopal; where that Univerſity ſtill ſubſiſts, in which philoſophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whoſe name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern Latinity, and, perhaps, a fairer than the inſtability of vernacular languages admits.'—JOHNSON.

ſtretches out before us from the windows to-day.

A ſtone in the ſchool-houſe bears the name of WILLIAM GUILD. In the early part of the ſeventeenth century one WILLIAM GUILD from Aberdeen preſented a ſilver cup to the College of St. Mary's. But whether there were two William Guilds, or whether the name was carved upon a ſtone already in the houſe, or the ſtone was carried thither from the neighbouring churchyard with the name upon it, is one of the ſecrets which the paſt keeps to itſelf.

A ſecret of the paſt.

To the preſent generation the men who during the eighteenth century went to and fro through St. Leonards are, for the moſt part, mere ſhadows, with hardly a name. Yet at leaſt one of them has claims to a certain kind of recognition—ROBERT WATSON, LL.D., an 'elegant hiſtorian,' who became Pro-

An 'elegant hiſtorian'

feſſor of Rhetoric four years after the union of the Colleges, and Principal and Miniſter of the pariſh in 1777. He wrote a hiſtory of PHILIP II. of Spain, and had completed the firſt four books of a hiſtory of PHILIP III. before he died, a little over fifty years of age. A contemporary verdict ſtates that through theſe hiſtoric writings he acquired 'a conſiderable reputation.' Yet, alas for human fame! his works now lie unregarded among the Dryaſduſts in the obſcureſt corner of the Univerſity Library.

and an 'improving' Provoſt.

Coming down to recent days, the ſchool-houſe, about the middle of this century, was the home of Sir HUGH LYON PLAYFAIR, the martinet Provoſt of St. Andrews, who did much to improve the city. All over the place he pulled down old buildings, ſwept away ſuch obſtructions as outſide ſtairs and outſtanding trees, ſtraightened, and

paved, and lighted the ſtreets.[1] Yet an ungrateful poſterity ſometimes ſighs for the pictureſque 'bits' which he aboliſhed. He turned the quaint garden of his houſe into one of the city 'ſights.' It contained a Chineſe pagoda, water-works, dancing-dolls, models of the planets and of the ſolar ſyſtem in cornelian beads, and all along the walks a chronological record, beginning with the creation of man, and ending with the Reform Bill of 1832, 'from which period may be dated the downfall of the Britiſh Empire.' This medley of diverſion and ſcience, of hiſtory and politics, muſt have effectually exorciſed any ghoſts which might ſtill be lingering about the ſpot.[2]

1 'After ſupper we made a proceſſion to St. Leonard's College, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern.'—Boswell.

2 Sir Hugh's garden was the natural ſucceſſor of Colonel Nairne's garden and grotto which Dr. Johnson ſaw.

De iis nulla umquam obmuteſcat vetuſtas.

Long ago the tradition went that whoſoever drank of the well of St. Leonards was ſtraightway 'infected with the new learning.' Another verſion of the old tradition may hold good to-day, that whoſoever lights upon this enchanted ground is ſtraightway 'infected' with the noble ſpirit of the workers and thinkers, the ſcholars and reformers, who lived and worked here, and whoſe memory conſecrates the ruined chapel and ancient gateway, the very ſtones and duſt of St. Leonards.

E. R.

FROM

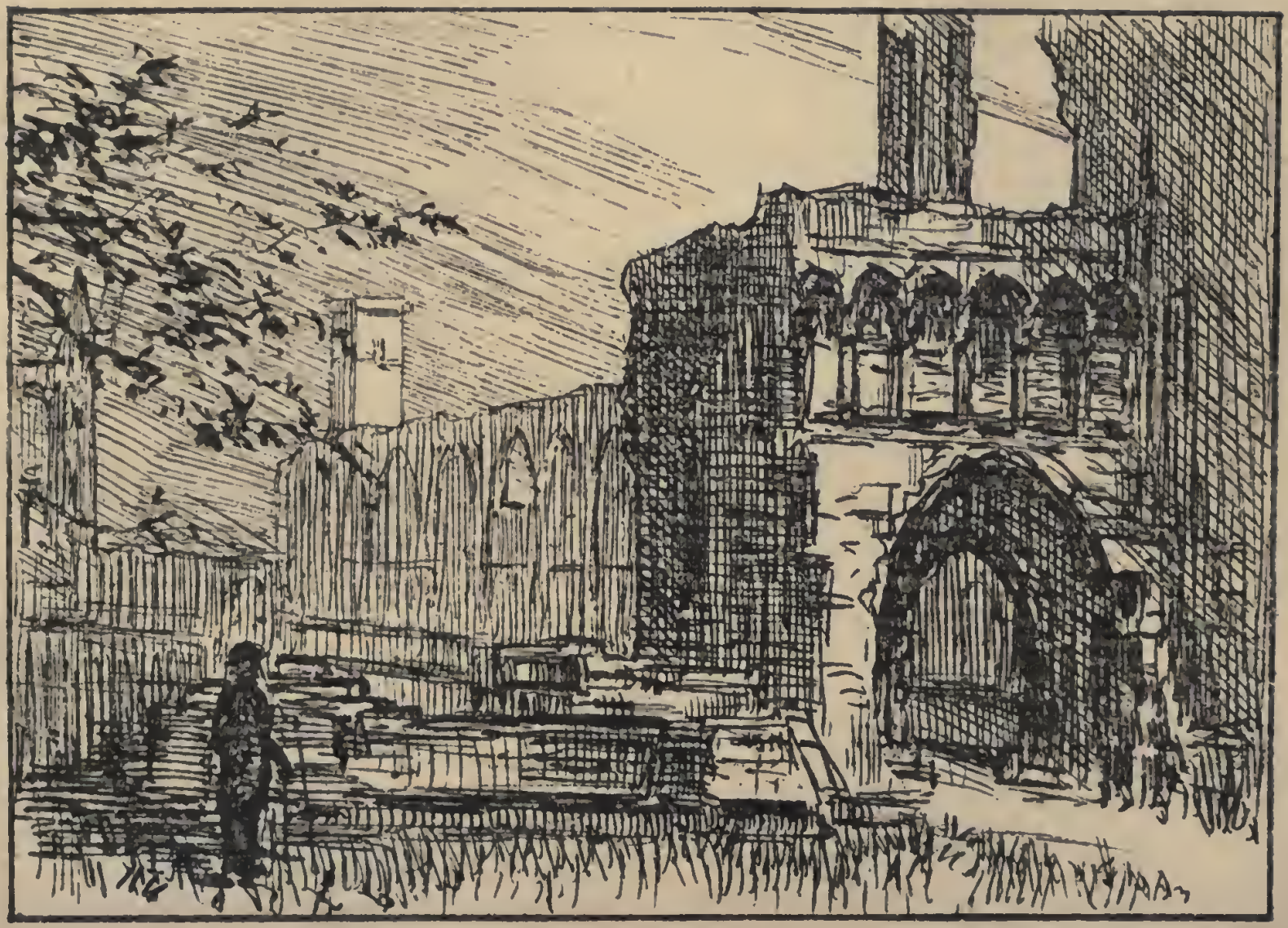
ST. ANDREWS.

TEN centuries have ſhaped and ſet us here.
What alien ſoul to-day might dwell with me
Had Roman eagles, flown from over ſea,
Ne'er claſhed their bronzen wings upon the ear
Of ſullen tribeſmen muſtering ſpear by ſpear?
What deep eſtranging gulf of deſtiny
Might part us now, had not the old Culdee
Seen round his cave theſe tides ſwing emerald-clear?

Come to this wizard city, ſtrong to caſt
Its ſpells abroad from every ſcriptured ſtone,
And feel to what far goal we drifted through
The dim vexed iſſues of the indifferent Paſt,
While, o'er great windows blazoned by the blue,
The ſea-winds ring the ancient carillon.

W. A. Sim.

OLD
ST. ANDREWS



THE GOLDEN GATE

Wardlaw's Deed.

IN confirming WARDLAW's Deed of Conſtitution (ſo writes Sir A. GRANT in his *Story of the Univerſity of Edinburgh*), BENEDICT XIII. profeſſes to have ſatisfiedhimſelf that St. Andrews was a peculiarly ſuitable place for the ſeat of a Univerſity, 'owing to the peaceful neighbourhood, the fertility of the ſurrounding country, and the number of good houſes which it contained.' He therefore gave his conſent, and expreſſed a hope that 'a city bleſſed by Providence with ſo many advantages and ſo much natural beauty might

become fertile in knowledge, and in the production of men famous for their wiſdom and virtue.' About a year and a half after the date of WARDLAW'S foundation (in 1411), BENEDICT XIII. ſigned ſix Bulls at Paniſcola, in Spain, ratifying, in the moſt formal manner, all the privileges which WARDLAW had conceded, and denouncing the wrath of God, St. PETER, and St. PAUL upon all who ſhould infringe the charter of the Univerſity of St. Andrews.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

(FROM A LECTURE BY THE LATE PRINCIPAL FORBES.)

JAMES CRICHTON (or, as it was written by himself and probably pronounced at the time, gutturally, CREICHTONE), who flouriſhed in the latter part of the ſixteenth century, was one of the few perſons who have acquired a laſting reputation in the character of a ſtudent merely.

A 'ſtudent' pure and ſimple,

yet not a 'writer.'

The ſcanty writings of his which remain, or which, ſo far as is known, ever exiſted, are not ſo important, ſo elegant, or ſo original, as to ſecure for him a place among the literary benefactors of mankind. The halo which ſurrounds his memory, and of which the epithet 'Admirable' is the ſtriking and time-honoured expreſſion, is the reflection of that blaze of contemporary homage by which this remarkable young man was ſurrounded during the laſt few years of his too ſhort life.

Among the phraſes by which the admiration of the ſcholars of his time has been recorded we find the following:—'A prodigy of nature,' 'an almoſt divine youth,' 'an amazing genius,' 'the nurſling alike of Mars and the Muſes,' 'a divinely-ſent miracle of learning,' 'a wonder of wonders,' 'the marvel of the age,' 'unica et rara avis in terris,' 'a

miracle of mankind.'[1] After making allowance for the intereſt which youthful talent juſtly inſpires, eſpecially when aſſociated with comelineſs, manly vigour, and hereditary poſition, there remains quite enough to excite our intereſt in the hiſtory and attainments of CRICHTON. As a Scotchman and a St. Andrews ſtudent, who contributed as ſuch to confer luſtre abroad upon his country and his teachers, we have reaſon to be proud of him; and we cannot but feel an intereſt in inveſtigating the records of his meteor-like career, and diſproving the arguments by which the vanity of his claims to celebrity has been maintained by a few of his more recent biographers.

Contemporary judgment of him.

The firſt documentary evidence re-

[1] The authorities for theſe epithets are Boccalini, Aldus Manutius, Joſeph Scaliger, John Johnſton, David Buchanan, Imperialis, and an anonymous contemporary paper in Italian, printed at Venice.

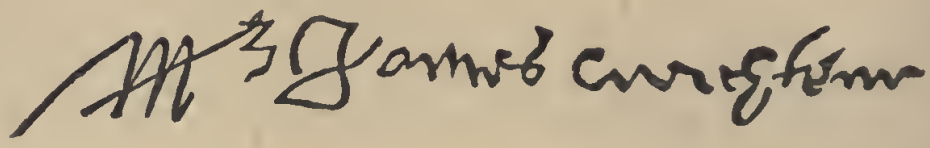
ſpecting the future prodigy is found in the venerable original records of the Univerſity of St. Andrews. In a manuſcript volume containing the graduation liſts and other proceedings of the rectors of the Univerſity, commencing with the early date of 1413, and continued with little intermiſſion to our own time, James Crichton's name appears firſt as Bachelor of Arts of St. Salvator's College on the 20th March 1573-4. He was then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and muſt have entered College probably in 1570, at the early age of ten. Perhaps there is nothing in this to indicate very extraordinary proficiency, ſuch juvenile ſtudents having been not unknown at that period: but on taking his Maſter's degree in 1575, we find him *third* on the liſt of that year, which was probably arranged in order of merit. This may be inferred from the fact that the names are

At St. Salvator's.

divided into three classes—'first circle,' 'second circle,' and those 'without the circles,' corresponding closely to the present usage of the English Universities. The names standing above CRICHTON's are those of DAVID MONYPENNY and JOHN HALL. They are not, therefore, arranged alphabetically; and it is fair to presume that CRICHTON was one of the youngest, if not the youngest, on the list. MONYPENNY and at least two others on the list—MERCHE and ANDREW DUNCAN—became professors or regents at St. Andrews, and another, PATRICK SIMPSON, became known as an historian of the Christian Church. In a family paper discovered in Lord AIRLIE's charter-chest by Mr. STUART, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we find, under the date of 20th June 1575, the only known signature of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, which further indicates his recent laurea-

His fellow-students there.

tion by the prefix of *Magiſter*. It is in a careful, good hand; and he ſpells his name CREICHTONE.



St. Andrews had at this period a very high reputation as a ſeat of learning, and for the efficiency of its teachers. CRICHTON was not indeed fortunate enough to ſtudy there under GEORGE BUCHANAN (though he did ſo afterwards); but there were others among the regents who, though now nearly or quite forgotten, had at the time what may juſtly be called a European reputation. It is curious to have to look for theſe details in the pages of ALDUS MANUTIUS, the eminent printer and claſſical ſcholar of Venice, and there to find embalmed the memory and fame of St. Andrews worthies, which have barely ſurvived in the more niggard chronicles

Venice and St. Andrews.

of CRICHTON's countrymen. Under his latiniſed name of *Rhetorfortis* we diſcover JOHN RUTHERFORD, the Provoſt of St. Salvator's College, the travelling companion of BUCHANAN, and well known on the Continent. He was eſteemed the ableſt teacher of the ſcholaſtic philoſophy in Scotland. The names of ROBERTSON and HEPBURN, though hardly known now, had then reached Italy.

Under George Buchanan.

A part of the years 1575-77 was paſſed (we have every reaſon to believe) at Stirling, under the ſuperintendence of GEORGE BUCHANAN, who had been withdrawn from St. Andrews the very year that CRICHTON entered College, to undertake the young king's (JAMES VI.) education. Several youths were introduced to the palace as companions and fellow-ſtudents. Theſe were moſtly connected with the MAR family, in conſequence of the old Counteſs of MAR being intruſted with the charge

of the royal perſon. CRICHTON'S family had for generations before been connected with that of the ERSKINES, and therefore the ſelection was natural, independently of young CRICHTON'S known abilities and the political influence of his father.

The next ſtage of CRICHTON'S hiſtory is rather more obſcure. Either in the year 1578, or towards the cloſe of the preceding one, he went to France, where he ſpent two years, partly in ſtudy and partly in following the profeſſion of arms. It might not be neceſſary to look for any ſpecial cauſe which ſhould have determined his reſidence on the Continent. The practice was then by far too uſual, both amongſt young men of family and profeſſed ſtudents, to require explanation. But his journey does not ſeem to have been one undertaken merely for pleaſure or improvement. The troubled political ſtate of Scotland at this time

A poſſibly political miſſion.

influenced the fortunes of every one of any eminence. The reception or otherwiſe of the Reformed doctrines, though with many a matter of conſcience, was with perhaps ſtill more a queſtion of intereſt and expediency. Among theſe laſt hiſtory ſeems to have aſſociated the name of ROBERT CRICHTON, our ſtudent's father. Menaced with the loſs of place and property, he attached himſelf to the popular and Proteſtant party, a ſtep which he appears to have regretted too late. But his ſon JAMES retained his faith and loyalty amidſt 'domeſtic feuds and paternal remonſtrances,' which appear to have embittered his life at home, and no doubt precipitated, if they did not cauſe, his expatriation.[1]

Father

and Son.

[1] The invaluable teſtimony of ALDUS is again the chief authority for this piece of domeſtic hiſtory. Enumerating the cauſes of CRICHTON's expatriation, he expreſſly ſays, 'ob Catholici fidei ardorem.'

The French period of his life.

Paris was his earlieſt reſort. Crichton for the firſt time lived in a capital; and there, no doubt, cultivated thoſe manly accompliſhments for which the French have always been renowned. We now begin to hear of the extraordinary beauty of his perſon, his feats of grace and ſtrength; of his ſwordſmanſhip, leaping, riding, and dancing. From the teſtimony of writers nearly or quite his contemporaries, it is impoſſible to doubt that to an intellect and memory of aſtoniſhing quickneſs and retentiveneſs he added an exterior which beſpoke the intereſt of all into whoſe ſociety he came. Animated alike by youthful ardour and religious zeal, he took part in the war then waged by Henry III. of France againſt the Huguenots. A youth who could alternate military ſervice with not leſs arduous intellectual contentions on every ſubject to which the learning of the time extended, and

who alſo diſplayed himſelf at the tournament and in the ball-room with every advantage which figure and gracefulneſs could command, was likely to become the idol of one ſex and the wonder or envy of the other. To this —the French—period of his life may probably be due the epithet which for nearly three centuries has been aſſociated with his name — that of 'admirable' Crichton, a phraſe apparently rather of French than Engliſh origin.

He goes to Italy.

Crichton left France in 1579 or 1580, after two years' reſidence. Dempster ſays that he went firſt to Genoa upon a ſpecial invitation and the promiſe of a ſalary. This report is confirmed by the exiſtence of an extremely rare tract (mentioned, ſo far as I know, only by the accurate bibliographer, Burnet), being an oration delivered by Crichton before the Genoeſe Senate.

It was printed at Milan in 1579, and thus ſeems to ſupply one link in his hiſtory. Some of his biographers maintain that he went from Genoa to Rome, whence, after a characteriſtic diſplay of erudition before the Pope and cardinals, he was driven away by one of thoſe ſatirical paſquinades for which the capital of Italy has always been celebrated. Be this as it may, we find

At Venice.

Crichton at Venice in Auguſt 1580, when he was exactly twenty years of age; and to this fortunate viſit we owe moſt of the authentic information which has been preſerved reſpecting this wonderful young man.

Crichton's fame had no doubt long before this reached Venice. It was then one of the moſt literary towns in Europe, the ſeat of the Aldine preſs, and in cloſe proximity to the great Univerſity of Padua. When therefore

Aldus Manutius

Crichton heralded his arrival by ad-

dreſſing a poetical epiſtle to Aldus Manutius, in which he beſpoke his friendly offices, he was not making himſelf known for the firſt time to an entire ſtranger, but claimed the recognition due to his poſition in the commonwealth of letters, and to the almoſt fraternal bond by which the graduates of all European Univerſities were then united in a general fellowſhip, to which the common medium of the Latin language not a little contributed.

Arrived at Venice, he found that he had not miſcounted on Aldus's protection. It was to Aldus the moſt natural thing in the world that a literary foreigner—and, from what has been ſaid, eſpecially if he were a Scotchman—ſhould preſent himſelf as a candidate for the higheſt honours in ſcholaſtic and theological learning. He received Crichton with an enthuſiaſm which was unabated during the liſetime of the

and his good offices.

latter, and even after its unfortunate close. Aldus was then publishing in successive volumes his folio edition of Cicero, and at the time of Crichton's advent to Venice he had not inappropriately arrived at the *Paradoxes* of the Roman orator, which, as was then customary, he introduced to the world with a glowing dedication to the newly-arrived prodigy. From this most curious and certainly authentic document we learn that Crichton had been publicly introduced to the Doge and Senate, before whom he sustained his reputation by a brilliant discourse;—that he afterwards disputed on theology, philosophy, and mathematics before a large concourse of learned men;—that he did the like at Padua, the seat of a renowned University, commencing with an extempore poem in praise of the city; then engaged in disputation with the most learned doctors and students of the

He discourses before the Doge

and at Padua.

place, expoſing the errors of Ariſtotle and his commentators,[1] and finally, after a conteſt of ſix hours' duration, concluded with an ornate diſcourſe in praiſe of Ignorance, a theme preſcribed to him on the ſpot. Returned to Venice, he underwent a three days' conteſt of a ſimilar kind at Whitſuntide in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on which occaſion he put forth a programme or challenge, a curioſity of the age, which ALDUS has preſerved. The ſucceſs and admiration which attended theſe diſplays of erudition and talent ALDUS ſtates to have been unbounded; and it is to be recollected that, as he expreſſly informs us, he was himſelf a ſpectator.

His 'challenge.'

A contemporary advertiſement or

[1] This is the more noticeable becauſe CRICHTON's education tended to impreſs the notion of ARISTOTLE's infallibility. 'Abſurdum eſt dicere erraſſe ARISTOTELEM' was an axiom then unoppoſed at St. Andrews, as Dr. M'CRIE, in his *Life of Melville*, has obſerved.

An old broadside.

broadside, printed at Venice in 1580, and referring to the Admirable Crichton, has been preserved to our time by the accident of being bound up along with an Italian work of the period. It confirms the testimony of Aldus (if indeed it was not drawn up by him), both as to Crichton's personal attractions and accomplishments, and as to his wonderful powers of memory and dialectic readiness. It contains particulars of his early life which could only have been obtained from himself, and especially fixes the day of his birth, for which we have no other authority. It further specifies the languages with which he claimed to be acquainted, ten in number—viz. Latin, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, and German. He further professed to know, not merely the entire writings of Aristotle and his commentators, but all that had been

written by the two learned doctors, St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, and their followers, and was ready to take *either ſide* in any controverſy thence ariſing.

This may give a ſufficient idea of the claims to univerſal knowledge of which Crichton was not backward in maintaining. But, if his contemporaries may be believed, although he excited the envy and detraction of ſome, there was a charm in his manner which delighted every impartial hearer.

His perſonal charm.

From Padua and Venice Crichton proceeded to Mantua; but there is little authentic preſerved reſpecting his reſidence there (for the fables of Sir Thomas Urquhart are of no value), ſave the circumſtance which led to his premature death, or rather murder. Theſe, though they have been controverted, are in general ſtated with ſufficient unanimity by thoſe who lived neareſt his time, to impreſs us with the

At Mantua.

conviction of their substantial truth. He had been engaged by the Duke of Mantua as tutor to his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, a youth of ability (subsequently the patron of Tasso), but of violent passions. Somehow Crichton came in contact in a midnight brawl with the young nobleman and some companions in disguise. The Scotchman, with his acknowledged skill in fence, easily overcame his antagonists, and having Vincenzo under him, discovered him to be his pupil. Though he had disarmed him in self-defence, he expressed his concern, and on one knee presented his sword to the prince, who,

His death.

in a dastardly manner, revenged himself by running it through his body.

Thus, as is believed, on the 3d July 1582, perished James Crichton, when barely twenty-two years of age. He left behind him a reputation which has passed into a proverb. But he was also

ſincerely mourned by his friend ALDUS MANUTIUS, and probably by many more, the witneſſes of his brilliant talents, rare accompliſhments, and engaging manners. ALDUS gave expreſſion to his grief in affecting terms, in a dedication to his memory of CICERO'S work, *De Univerſitate*, though it was written more than a year after CRICHTON'S deceaſe. 'Who is there who did not admire you, living, or who does not mourn you, dead? For myſelf, I received from you, whilſt alive, the greateſt benefit; being dead, my grief is beyond bounds. Hadſt thou but lived, CRICHTON! hadſt thou but lived!—Oh that the birthplace of VIRGIL had never ſeen thee!'

The tribute of Aldus

Perhaps, of all the teſtimonies to the reality of CRICHTON'S diſtinction as a ſcholar, there is none more convincing than the brief and even ſarcaſtic evidence of JOSEPH SCALIGER, a man little prone to exaggerate merit. He

and of Joſeph Scaliger.

records his knowledge of twelve (not only *ten*[1]) languages, his diſputations *de omni ſcibili*, and his powers of poetic improviſation. 'He was,' he adds, 'a prodigy of genius.' If he qualifies this praiſe by inſinuating that he had 'ſomething of the coxcomb about him,' and was more worthy of admiration than eſteem, we may recollect that SCALIGER had never ſeen him, whilſt ALDUS, who ſays juſt the contrary, knew him intimately. SCALIGER's teſtimony to CRICHTON's intelligence and erudition is rendered more reliable by the qualifications under which it is given.

To us it appears that the ſucceſs of CRICHTON ſcarcely forms an object of emulation. The ſolidity and uſefulneſs of his attainments would have been vaſtly enhanced by the concentration of

[1] The two languages omitted in the liſt formerly given are (as we learn from another ſource) Arabic and Sclavonian.

his efforts. Had he employed even his ſhort life in the cultivation of one or a few languages or ſciences, he might have permanently benefited mankind and promoted the cauſe of literature and religion. Inſtead of this, the relics of his ſcholaſtic triumphs are departed, and his poetical fragments can be regarded as little more than bare curioſities. But if he diſſipated the uncommon powers with which he was giſted by diffuſing them over the whole field of learning of his day, and aſpiring beſides to the character of an accompliſhed knight and a gay ſoldier, how much more fatal would be any attempt to aſſume the character of a univerſal ſcholar in our own time! The reſult would be, as a matter almoſt of certainty, a ridiculous failure. Though the courſe of a liberal education propoſes to give a man ſome acquaintance with the chief branches of learning, it

The *univerſal* ſcholar not poſſible,

is not to be expected or desired that he should aim at being a proficient or a teacher in all of them. A retentive memory like Crichton's still gives opportunities of showing versatility of talent, and is highly appreciated by the unlearned, and in exceptional cases it is even a subject of just admiration: but in most instances the towering edifice of learning which offers so great a show is almost as loosely constructed as a child's house of cards. It fills a large space to the eye, but it wants connection, method, and solidity. Far better is it for the student, however highly gifted, to select a limited arena for his activities, and in some one department of philological, or of abstract, or of natural science, to earn for himself a reputation by which his contemporaries may be benefited, and whereby he may deserve a grateful remembrance hereafter, than to risk, against enormous

and indeed not even

chances of failure, his whole intellectual resources in the vain endeavour to astonish mankind in the character of an Universal Genius!

JAMES D. FORBES.

much to be desired.

'Crichtonus Admirabilis.'

UNDER the ſhadow of the maſſy tower,
Where the great bells ſwing ſlowly to and fro,
This is the hoſtel quaint, where, long ago,
The Scottiſh ſcholar ſought for Learning's dower,
As for hid treaſure, many a midnight hour;
And paſſed from hence, with young heart all aglow,
Crowned with the crowns of thoſe that love and know,
To drink Life's wine, and pluck Life's faireſt flower.

. . . Years paſs. . . . What then? A
moonlit Mantuan ſtreet—
And one that ſaunters homeward, lute in
hand—
An archway dark, where three in waiting
ſtand—
A flaſh of rapier-blades—a maſk that ſlips:
And there was ſilence while a heart might
beat,
And then '*Non io te!*' from dying lips. . . .

A. W.

29/3/87.

ADMONITION.

TAKE it not amiſs that I am ſlow
To praiſe, and rude and haſty in thy blame;
Or if on my embittered tongue there grow
Some hard addition to thy gentle name.

The languid ſtream flows noiſeleſs by the rock;
The torrent frets againſt each petty ſtone;
And when the winds are wildeſt in their ſhock,
Each unſeen flaw laments with hollow moan.

So my heart's ſtream, that will not ceaſe
from thee,
Is ruffled by thy faults, and murmurs high;
So my raſh ſpirit, that had dream'd thee free,
Vents diſappointment in a boding ſigh.

O think not on my words, but on their
cauſe;
So ſhall you find them richer than applauſe.

L. C.

Alexander Stuart,

ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

OF all the names in ancient Scottiſh eccleſiaſtical hiſtory there is none which has a more tragic intereſt than that of the young ALEXANDER STUART, who was raiſed to the Archbiſhopric of St. Andrews at the early age of eighteen, by his father, King JAMES IV. He was the pupil of ERASMUS, and that great man has left on record his profound admiration of the Scottiſh youth, who had been his companion and ſcholar in the ſtately old

The Scottiſh pupil of Eraſmus.

Italian city of Siena. Tall, dignified, graceful, with no blemiſh except the ſhortneſs of ſight which he ſhared in common with many modern ſtudents; of gentle manners, playful humour, but keen as a hound in purſuit of knowledge, in hiſtory, theology, law,—above all in the new Greek learning; an accompliſhed muſician, a delightful talker, high-ſpirited and high-minded without haughtineſs, religious without a particle of ſuperſtition; born to command, yet born alſo to conciliate—ſuch, according to ERASMUS, was the future Primate of Scotland. Already the Univerſity of St. Andrews had felt the ſtimulus of his youthful energy; already the enlightened ſpirits of the North were beginning to breathe freely in the atmoſphere in which he had himſelf been nouriſhed. Had that young ſtudent of St. Andrews (for ſo, although Archbiſhop, we may ſtill call him)—had

Had he lived to fulfil his promiſe,

he lived to fulfil this wonderful promiſe —had he, with theſe rare gifts and rare opportunities, been ſpared to meet the impending criſis of the coming generation, inſtead of the worldly, intriguing, and profligate BEATON—had he been here enthroned in this venerable See, with the ſpirit of our own COLET in a higher poſt, the aſpirations of our own MORE without his difficulties, ready to prepare the way for the firſt ſhock of the Reformation—what a chance for the ancient Church of this country! what an occaſion of combining the beſt parts of the old with the beſt parts of the new! what a call, if indeed its doom had not been already fixed, to purify that corrupt Epiſcopacy! what a hope, if moderation in thoſe times had been poſſible, of reſtraining the violence of iconoclaſt reaction! But, alas! he was ſlain by his father's ſide on the field of Flodden. Of all 'the

and joined himſelf the new and the old—

flowers of the foreſt' that were there 'wede away,' ſurely none was more lovely, more precious than this young MARCELLUS of the Scottiſh Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my nameſake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinſman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier!

but it was not to be!

DEAN STANLEY.

Patrick Hamilton.

PATRICK HAMILTON was the first to fall a martyr at the commencement in earnest of that struggle which ended in the Reformation. His is the first name remembered by KNOX in his history of that event. It is also the first inscribed upon the obelisk which stands by St. Andrews Bay, commemorating five brave men who in those years and in that city 'perished by fire' for their adhesion to Protestant principles.

His parentage.

He had the advantage of an ancestry both noble and gifted. His father, Sir PATRICK HAMILTON of Kincavel, was

a knight so famous that his exploits have been celebrated by no less than three chroniclers of as many countries; and his mother, CATHERINE STEWART, was a granddaughter of our Scottish king, JAMES II.

When only a boy, but already, according to the easy fashion of the time, Abbot of Ferne, he went abroad to study at Louvain, and likewise at Paris, where Scotchmen then possessed a College of their own, founded with their own money about the time of ROBERT THE BRUCE. In 1523, when eighteen years of age, he came home a Master of Arts, to enter the University of St. Andrews, and to take up his residence in that centre of Scotland's ecclesiastical life. What kind of man he was, we learn chiefly from his friend and fellow-canon, ALEXANDER ALANE, who loved him and cherished his memory, and frequently takes occasion to speak of him

He visits France.

in the courſe of his expoſitory works. In character he was honeſt and earneſt. Although an abbot, he loathed the gown and cowl that covered ſo many a lewd hypocrite of a monk, and refuſed to wear them. He was learned, the New Teſtament and Plato being his chief reading. His cheriſhed copy of the Goſpels he yielded on his way to the ſtake into the hands of a friend. He was a true Chriſtian in ſpirit. 'We have a good and gentle Lord,' were his own words; 'let us follow His ſteps.' He was a man of taſte and culture, muſic being the art in which he excelled; and we have the intereſting fact recorded that on one occaſion the Cathedral Church of St. Andrews echoed to a choral ſervice of which he was the compoſer, and which he himſelf conducted in the character of precentor.

His gentle ſpirit.

T. P. Johnston,
Miniſter of Carnbee.

HAMILTON (*loquitur*).[1] Hard! yet all men die once;
ſome time it comes;
A few ſhort clock-ticks more or leſs—what's that?
Nothing! but it is much that we keep true
In duty's orbit, ſuffering no mere breath
Of fear to blow us from it where we wander
In dismal outer ſpaces, grieving God,
While demons ſneer, 'Another ſoul has loſt
The purpoſe and the glory of his life,'
To buy the reſpite of ſome coward years
With everlaſting failure and contempt!
Archbiſhop,[2] look, where through the pane a ſtar
Shines in a rift of heaven: yon murky cloud
Comes driving as to ſweep it from night's face;
Now the blaſt bellows, and the air 's embroiled;
But wait, wait—ſee, is it not ſhining ſtill,
With age-long calm? It is a ſteadfaſt ſoul
That is not harmed, let earth do all its worſt,
And triumphs when the ſhort blaſt over-blows.

[1] From *Patrick Hamilton:* a Tragedy of the Reformation in Scotland, 1528. By T. P. Johnſton. Blackwood, 1882.

[2] To Cardinal BEATON.

JOHN KNOX

AND

ST. ANDREWS.

MANY years ago, when I was firſt ſtudying the hiſtory of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a ſtory of a ſlave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, riſing out of the grey waters, a line of cliffs was viſible, and the white houſes of a town, and a church tower. The rower was a man unuſed to ſuch ſervice, worn with toil and watching,

A picture.

and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the ſhore, and aſked him if he knew it.

'Yes,' he anſwered, 'I know it well. I ſee the ſteeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know, how weak ſoever I now appear, I ſhall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the ſame place.'

I ſhall not die, but live.

. . . That town was St. Andrews, that galley-ſlave was JOHN KNOX; and we know that he came back and did 'glorify God' in this place and others to ſome purpoſe.

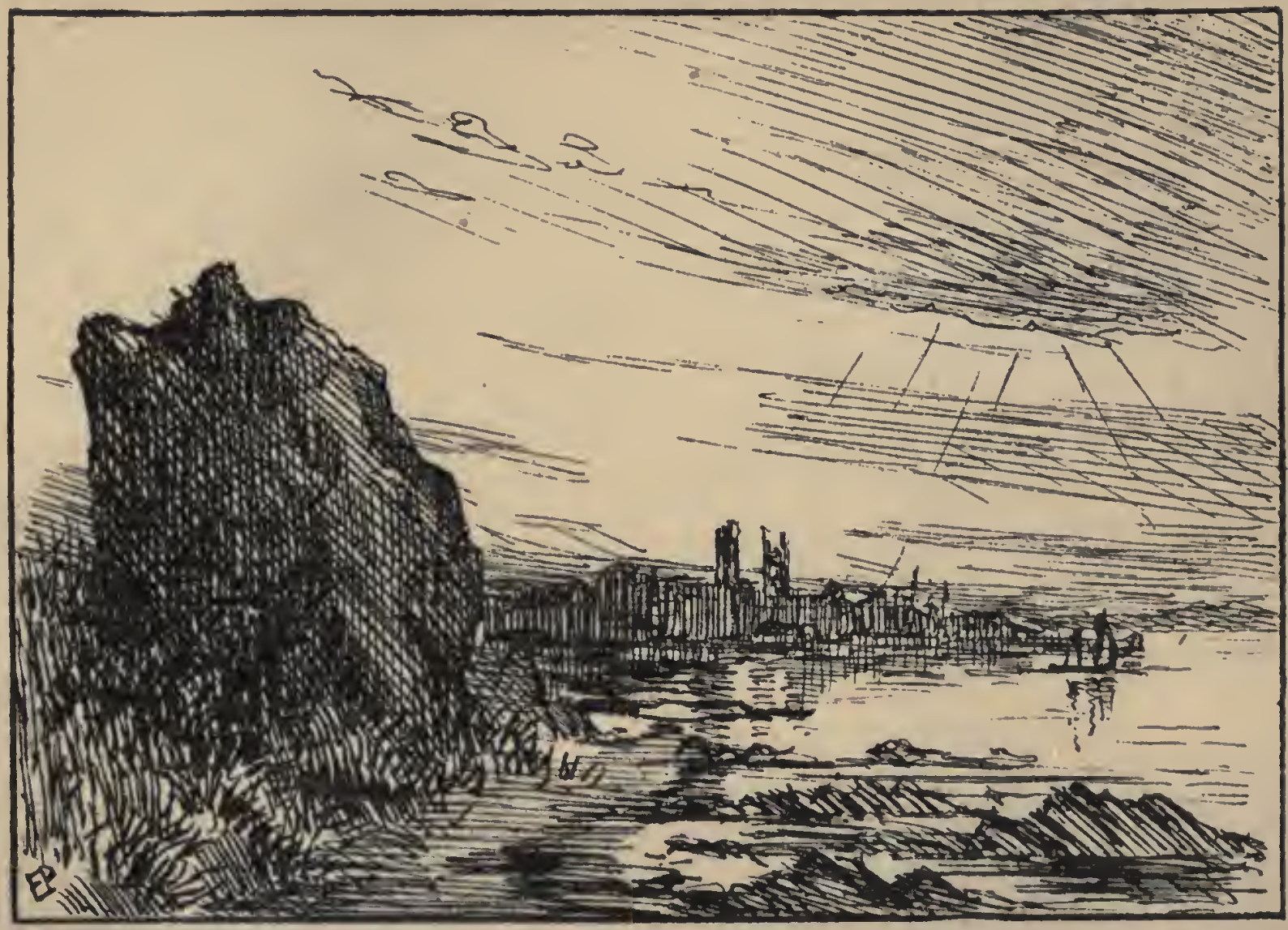
J. A. FROUDE.

JOHN KNOX,

a Galley Slave, off St. Andrews.

FAINT unto death, but ſwaying to and fro,
In chains the captive laboured at the oar,
Till, when the ſea grew wan, one cried, 'The ſhore!'
And lit by tempeſt gleam of morning, lo
St. Andrews cliffs ſtood out as white as ſnow,
Then died to dark above the breakers' roar.
Hath any ſeen the tall ſea-towers before?
By'r Lady, who of yonder town can know?
Outſpake the priſoner, 'Well I know the place;
This is God's ſign that I ſhall live, not die:
Beneath yon towers He gave me ſpeech and grace,
There God again this mouth ſhall glorify.'
The fierce ſtorm-ſpirit leapt into his face,
And through the ſtorm the Lord of Life went by.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



ST. ANDREWS FROM THE MAIDEN ROCK

From

DR. S. JOHNSON'S 'JOURNEY *To the* WESTERN ISLES.'

(1773.)

ST. ANDREWS.

IN the morning we roſe to perambulate a city, which only hiſtory ſhows to have once flouriſhed, and ſurveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be viſible, unleſs ſome care be taken

Quod genus hoc homi-num

quaeve hunc tam barbara morem permittit patria?

to preſerve them; and where is the pleaſure of preſerving ſuch mournful memorials? They have been till very lately ſo much neglected that every man carried away the ſtones who fancied that he wanted them.

The city of *St. Andrews*, when it had loſt its archiepiſcopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: one of its ſtreets is now loſt; and in thoſe that remain, there is the ſilence and ſolitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation. . . .

The Univerſity, within a few years, conſiſted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two; the College of St. Leonard being lately diſſolved by the ſale of its buildings, and the appropriation of its revenues to the profeſſors of the two others. The chapel of the alienated college is yet ſtanding, a fabric not inelegant of external ſtructure; but I was always, by ſome civil excuſe,

hindered from entering it. A decent attempt, as I was ſince told, has been made to convert it into a kind of green-houſe, by planting its area with ſhrubs. This new method of gardening is unſucceſsful; the plants do not hitherto proſper. To what uſe it will next be put, I have no pleaſure in conjecturing. It is ſomething, that its preſent ſtate is at leaſt not oſtentatiouſly diſplayed. Where there is yet ſhame, there may in time be virtue. . . .

St. Leonard's Chapel.

St. Andrews ſeems to be a place eminently adapted to ſtudy and education, being ſituated in a populous yet a cheap country, and expoſing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and diſſoluteneſs of a capital city, nor to the groſs luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning; in one the deſire of knowledge eaſily gives way to the love of pleaſure, and in the other is

The Univerſity well ſituate

in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The ſtudents however are repreſented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be ſome obſtruction to their increaſe that there is no Epiſcopal chapel in the place. I ſaw no reaſon for imputing their paucity to the preſent Profeſſors; nor can the expenſe of an academical education be very reaſonably objected. A ſtudent of the higheſt claſs may keep his annual ſeſſion, or as the *Engliſh* call it, his term, which laſts ſeven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for leſs than ten; in which board, lodging, and inſtruction are all included. . . .

and inexpenſive.

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults, over which had formerly ſtood the houſe of the ſub-prior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who

The Priory in 1773.

claimed the right of abode there, as the widow of a man whoſe anceſtors had poſſeſſed the ſame gloomy manſion for no leſs than four generations. The right, however it began, was conſidered as eſtabliſhed by legal preſcription, and the old woman lives undiſturbed. She thinks however that ſhe has a claim to ſomething more than ſufferance; for as her huſband's name was *Bruce*, ſhe is allied to royalty, and told Mr. *Boſwell*, that when there were perſons of quality in the place, ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by ſome notice; that indeed ſhe is now neglected, but ſhe ſpins a thread, has the company of a cat, and is troubleſome to nobody. . . .

Fortune's Wheel.

Having now ſeen whatever this ancient city offered to our curioſity, we left it with good wiſhes, having reaſon to be highly pleaſed with the attention that was paid us. But whoever ſurveys the world muſt ſee many things that give

Res humanae fragiles caducaeque.

him pain. The kindneſs of the Profeſſors did not contribute to abate the uneaſy remembrance of an Univerſity declining, a College alienated, and a Church profaned and haſtening to the ground. . . .

St. Andrews indeed has formerly ſuffered more atrocious ravages and more extenſive deſtruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the ſight of archiepiſcopal ruins. The diſtance of a calamity from the preſent time ſeems to preclude the mind from contact or ſympathy. Events long paſt are barely known; they are not conſidered. We read with as little emotion the violence of *Knox* and his followers as the irruptions of *Alaric* and the *Goths*. Had the Univerſity been deſtroyed two centuries ago, we ſhould not have regretted it; but to ſee it pining in decay, and ſtruggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wiſhes.

'REMARKS' ON THE FOREGOING.

By the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, A.M.,
Miniſter of Liſmore in Argyllſhire.

London, 1779.

THIS is certainly fine language; and a proof, no doubt, of fine feelings. I heartily ſympathiſe with his *generous* diſtreſs, eſpecially as there is no remedy but *ineffectual wiſhes*. But I muſt tell the *good* man for his comfort, that the matter is not quite ſo bad as his too lively imagination repreſents it; and that the *mournful images* which fill his mind are the mere vagaries of a diſtempered fancy. His readers, therefore, need not be too

'National repugnancies.'

deeply impreſſed with the calamities he ſpeaks of, as it is not the firſt time, I am told, that the Doctor has amuſed the Public with a *Falſe Alarm*.

'He ſtops a metaphor like a ſuſpected perſon.'

But to follow our traveller a little more cloſely on this ſubject. What he calls *an Univerſity declining* muſt certainly refer to the College of St. Leonard, for I have mentioned a little above that the College of St. Salvator had undergone a thorough repair within theſe laſt twenty years. As this, then, is what ought in propriety to be now called the Univerſity, the other being diſſolved, and as he acknowledges the abilities of the Profeſſors, the moſt partial, I think, muſt ſee the folly as well as the falſehood of this aſſertion. But had thoſe walls, which he deſcribes as *pining in decay*, and the other Univerſities in Scotland, of which he gives not a much better account, produced as few eminent men as ſome other Univerſities

that might be named, the Doctor's antipathy to this country had not perhaps been so great, nor would he probably have taken the trouble of examining our seminaries of learning upon the spot.

As to his *alienated College*, he saves me the trouble of saying much on that head, by confessing that 'the dissolution of St. Leonard's College was doubtless necessary.' If this be so, why complain of the measure? To be necessary and yet a reproach seems rather somewhat incompatible, and presents us with a combination of terms for which, perhaps, we can find no authority, unless in the Doctor's dictionary.

A shameful necessity.

We come now, along with the Doctor, to the melancholy task of viewing 'a church profaned and hastening to the ground.' This church is no other than the old chapel of the annexed—not the *alienated*—College of St. Leonard. Its having been formerly conse-

crated by the Romiſh rites may give ſome little *fillip* to the Doctor's zeal; but in what manner it has been profaned of late years, unleſs he means by the *Preſbyterian* religion, I am unable to conjecture. Since the diſſolution of the ſeminary to which it belonged, it has ceaſed to be occupied as a place of worſhip. I ſee no profanation, therefore, in applying it to any other uſeful purpoſe, as no degree of ſanctity can ſurely remain in the walls. The Scots at leaſt do not carry their veneration for ſuch *relics* ſo far as the Doctor did in the iſland of *Iona*, as we ſhall ſee in its proper place, a circumſtance which is no bad index to his religious *creed*.

The Scots revere not conſecrated walls, nor 'hallowed ground.'

'THE CASTLE BY THE SEA'

A CENTURY SINCE OR SO.

Mr. Robert Browning.

IT is on many grounds to be regretted that Mr. ROBERT BROWNING declined to ſtand for the *Lord Rectorſhip* when preſſed to do ſo by St. Andrews ſtudents in 1877. He might have found amongſt our archives many ſuggeſtive traces of that which he loves to ſtudy—of human nature out of the beaten track, of the ſtrivings of men's ſouls with limited opportunities. What '*parleyings*' might we not have had with perſons once of ſome importance here! Illuſtrations of the vanity of fame might be found as well at St.

R. Fergusſon *flor.* 1773.

Andrews as at Croiſic; perhaps in ſome neglected ſpot of the Cathedral grounds is laid ſome poet of whom BLAIR or ALISON thought highly, or ſome true genius whoſe day, like *Sordello's*, never paſſed the dawn.

Abſent—Tullidelph, Forreſt, Vilant.

Of the quorum who entertained Dr. JOHNSON in Auguſt 1773, viz. *Muriſon*, *Shaw*, *Cooke* (*J. Cook*), (*J.*) *Hill*, (*G.*) *Haddo* (or *Hadow*), (*R.*) *Watſon*, (*James*) *Flint*, (*W.*) *Brown*, the moſt are little elſe than *nominum umbrae* to us now. Yet WATSON is deſcribed by BOSWELL as 'the hiſtorian of Philip II.;' and of Dr. GEORGE HILL, whoſe *Theological Inſtitutes* were long the ſtaple of Divinity lectures at Glaſgow and elſewhere, Lord CAMPBELL ſays, 'For Scotland, he was a profound Greek ſcholar, and had, more than any teacher I ever knew, the faculty of rouſing and fixing the attention of his hearers.' At the time of JOHNSON's viſit HILL was a

young man, having in the previous year been appointed Profeſſor of Greek at twenty-one, but WATSON was already diſtinguiſhed, and in his dealings with the great Doctor ſeems to have taken an independent line. In truth, the touch of ſuch a perſonality as SAMUEL JOHNSON's brings out characteriſtic traits where all would elſe be merged in the ſame neutral grey. The overwhelming impreſſion made by the Doctor on the worthy Profeſſor SHAW is not more amuſing than the grudging commendation of WATSON, who 'allowed him a very ſtrong underſtanding, but wondered at his total inattention to eſtabliſhed manners, as he came from London.' And the irritable vanity of Primarius Profeſſor MURISON, who, in ſhowing the library-room, ſaid to JOHNSON, 'You have not ſuch a one in England,' ſeems richly to have merited the great man's retort, when, in alluſion to the Principal's

'Eſtabliſhed manners.'

drinking to him with 'Long may you lecture,' JOHNSON ſaid, '*I* give all theſe lectures *on water*.'

'Moderate' views.

JOHNSON's entertainers were of that 'moderate' way of thinking, which Dr. CHALMERS afterwards eſchewed, and they evidently ſhared the indifference of their maſter in things intellectual, DAVID HUME, towards the external ſymbols of the 'genius loci.' JOHNSON came to St. Andrews burning with reverence for the earlieſt ſeat of religion in Scotland, yet (to Sir WALTER SCOTT's amazement, a generation afterwards) no one pointed out to him the tower of St. Rule, nor, as we may add, took him to viſit Magus Muir, though Archbiſhop SHARP's granddaughter was living here amongſt them. JOHNSON's fierce indignation at the deſtruction which he vaguely ſaw as he ſtood with head uncovered on the deſecrated ground, was ſoftened

among his hoſts at Glass's Hotel, and ſtill more, we may believe, under the kindly roof of Dr. Watson at St. Leonard's. 'When we entered his court,' ſays Boswell, 'it ſeemed quite academical, and we found in his houſe very comfortable and genteel accommodation.' The lexicographer 'took great delight in Watson,' and 'took much to Shaw.' And here we may part company with theſe 'ſhadows.'

'Lettered hoſpitality.'

It is pleaſant to think that in the Town Church, before Archbiſhop Sharp's monument, Boswell 'was ſtruck with the ſame kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impreſſed' him, but more pertinent to note that Dr. Johnson ſaid the chapel at 'St. Salvador's College was the neateſt place of worſhip he had seen'[1]; alſo that he wanted to mount the ſteeples, 'but it could not be done.'

[1] It had ſtill the beautiful ſtone roof, ſince deſtroyed.

His viſit was in the depth of the vacation, and though more Profeſſors were in reſidence than would be the caſe in theſe days of travelling, he ſaw nothing of 'the ſcarlet gown.' Beyond the fact that there were ſome ſtudents' rooms in St. Salvator's College, we gather nothing from BOSWELL's page concerning the ſtate of this Univerſity as a teaching inſtitution in 1773, although JOHNSON himſelf had aſcertained that the numbers were below 100, and that the coſt of reſidence for the ſix months was about £15.[1] But in 1790 (not far within our limit of a hundred years) ſome light upon this ſubject begins to break, and the light is not altogether of a cheering kind. Lord CAMPBELL[2] is no doubt a cynical obſerver, yet he had once been capable

Life of John, Lord Campbell.

[1] This is queſtioned by M'Nicol.

[2] A ſiſter of Lord Campbell's was married to Profeſſor Thomas Gilleſpie, who held the Humanity Chair

of admiration, and was not devoid of generous ambition. He ſays: 'I remember my extreme delight when as a child I firſt viſited the city of St. Andrews, and, being led down the "Butts Wynd" to the "Scores," the ocean in a ſtorm was pointed out to me. On croſſing the Tay the view of Dundee expanded my mind to all I could conceive of magnificence. But when I at laſt walked in the High Street of Edinburgh, I found how childiſh my notions had been, convinced that I had now ſeen grandeur which could not be excelled by London, Paris, or Rome itſelf;' and again—'When my father firſt brought me to be matriculated at St. Andrews, he pointed out, tranſlated, and explained to me the motto in the public hall of diſputation,

'Stiornoway is a ferry large place.'

from 1835 to 1844. Another, who remained unmarried, is ſtill remembered as one of the St. Andrews notabilities, of whom Mrs. Hunter was chief.

where degrees were formerly conferred :—

'Still to be firſt and riſe beyond the reſt.'

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

This advice from his father to Diomed when departing for the Trojan War made a deep impreſſion on the ſon of the miniſter of Cupar when firſt leaving the parental roof.'

But neither admiration nor ambition would appear to have had much ſcope in the St. Andrews of 1790-98. Neither the penſioner of Lord North, who had demonſtrated the advantage to the American Colonies of Imperial protection, and derided the ancient logic (though he gave a reaſonable courſe of *Belles Lettres*); nor the agreeable moraliſt who 'was not attended to by any of his pupils,' yet had 'many youths belonging to wealthy families in England ſent down to board in his houſe for the benefit of his tuition'; nor the gentle-

Barron anticipates J. S. Mill: 'the ſyllogiſm uſeleſs.'

manlike and travelled natural philoſopher, who 'had very little ſcience, and was incapable of communicating what he had'; nor the *bon-vivant* divine who had an alliterative 'Paſſion for Pigeon Pie,' ſeem to have been able to awaken much enthuſiaſm in young minds. Such feelings were juſtly reſerved for Dr. JOHN HUNTER, whoſe original views on philoſophical grammar (founded on HARRIS and HORNE TOOKE) anticipated ſome of the diſcoveries of Comparative Philology, and who was otherwiſe a perſon of real weight and diſtinction; for JAMES BROWN, the mathematical *aſſiſtant* (who kindled the latent ſpark in CHALMERS); and Principal GEORGE HILL, of St. Mary's College (the young Greek Profeſſor of Dr. JOHNSON's time).

A man worth parleying with.

Afterwards Profeſſor of Nat. Phil. at Glaſgow.

'Academical degrees had fallen into deſuetude' (except after the faſhion of J. P. MARAT's M.D. in 1775):—yet

there was life in the place. The Philoſophical Society had keen debates on 'Whether Brutus was juſtified in killing Cæſar?' 'Whether democracy is a good form of government?' 'Whether man is a free agent?' 'Whether free trade is beneficial to a State?'

And even if Alma Mater's light was then low, and if miſchiefs that long afterward aſſumed the maſk of cuſtom were already germinating amongſt tentleſs urchins under the ſole maſk of intellectual night, the Univerſity did at leaſt afford a *nidus* for the early growth of callow ſpirits that have ſince been famous, and of men who ſubſequently, by native force of mind, exerted a beneficent influence over St. Andrews itſelf.

A veritable ugly duckling.

George Cook and Thomas Chalmers were then both at College. They were afterwards to ſtand confronted as

eminent Churchmen, heading hoſtile parties, at an hiſtoric epoch; and in the interim CHALMERS had been amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed and influential of St. Andrews Profeſſors. THOMAS DUNCAN, then a favourite pupil of JAMES BROWN, is gratefully remembered in later years as having done long and diſtinguiſhed ſervice in the Mathematical Chair; and his portrait, full of quaint individuality, hangs oppoſite to that of HUNTER in the hall of the United College. JOHN LEYDEN (after a brilliant courſe at Edinburgh) was at one time during this period a ſtudent of St. Mary's, under Principal HILL. And although JOHN CAMPBELL was the only ſtudent here who in that or any generation became Lord Chancellor of the United Kingdom, he was not the only ſtudent of his time who became an eminent lawyer and authoritative judge, for Lord COLONSAY, as ſimple

John Leyden.

1797.

DUNCAN MACNEILL, was then, or ſhortly afterwards, an alumnus of the Univerſity of St. Andrews.

Note on an old 'Farce.'

Since writing the above, my attention was called to the Farce, written in 1779, which I have deſcribed in another part of this volume. Notwithſtanding its title, 'The Students, or the Humours of St. Andrews,' it reflects hardly anything of ſtudent life, properly ſo called, beyond the fact that, as it would appear, 'ſhooting matches' were ſtill held at 'the Butts,' in which the ſtudents took part; and that they afterwards went to the College and 'delivered their bows.' But the writer retains the name of St. Leonard's in ſpeaking of St. Salvator's, an inaccuracy on which he might well venture before a London audience; and the mention of the archery may after all be an anachronism. Glaſs's Hotel, 'the head tavern in town,' figures largely in the piece as the rendezvous of ſtudent, drover, exciſeman, and (this laſt exceptionally) of exciſeman's wife.

L. C.

MISCELLANEA.

Some Detached Thoughts on Omnibuſes.

SIMPLE folk from the country are apt to regard the London Omnibus as a gay and gilded deceiver. And when you come to think of it, it is impoſſible for the moſt high-minded and well-meaning omnibus to tell the truth all round, and if, miſled by its glittering promiſes, you are betrayed to Bayſwater, while you have been under the impreſſion you were approaching Mile-End, it was not the omnibus's fault, nor the horſes', nor even, perhaps, the conductor's. Still, there is no denying that there is ſome-

An impoſing vehicle.

thing of the Delphic Oracle about this impoſing vehicle, eſpecially in its practice of ſheltering itſelf under a concealed proviſo, or evading reſponſibility upon ſome ſlightly unworthy ſhift. The ancient prieſteſs could always cruſh an indignant client by explaining that 'Do' was an ironical expreſſion for 'Don't,' or that a 'wine-ſkin' was a humorous little metaphor of hers for ſomething elſe. And ſimilarly will the omnibus often refer you triumphantly to a microſcopic board, on which is written, 'Piccadilly only this journey,' or, 'All fares double to-day.' The ancient propheteſs, too, as Alexander the Great diſcovered, often required phyſical force to ſet her going, whilſt many an omnibus refuſes to ſtart at an inauſpicious ſeaſon, and can only be coerced thereto by threats.

A uſeful lie.

I would not be found aſſerting that an omnibus is a mere four-wheeled falſehood—for many run ſtraight; but

they have this much at leaſt in common with lies, that while few perſons are found to advocate either their convenience or expediency, a majority of reſpectable people have at ſome time or other been conſtrained to ſeek their refuge.

Within and Without.

Victor Hugo ſtudied London from the knife-board of an omnibus; it was there perhaps that he made acquaintance with thoſe notorious members of ſociety, 'Tomjimjack' and the 'Wapentake.' But the inſide of an omnibus, it is ſaid, is the place to ſtudy character. This may be ſo; and certainly when one ſeats one's-ſelf, there are noble opportunities for obſerving the human countenance in various ſtages of malignant hatred; but of character as revealed by ſpeech there is generally little, the paſſengers moſtly reſtricting themſelves, as was once juſtly obſerved to the writer, to 'ſitting oppoſite, and look-

Ferae Naturae.

ing beaſtly ugly.' There is a kind of female, generally of a full habit, who wears a peculiar expreſſion upon firſt entering an omnibus—an obeſe ſmile of ſelf-congratulation, as if ſhe regarded an omnibus as a particularly wily beaſt of the chaſe, and herſelf as a perſon of uncommon nerve and perſeverance for having run it down. This ſmirk laſts for the ſpace of five minutes, when ſhe enters upon the agoniſed ſearch for her purſe, which contorts her until her deſtination is reached, or, more generally, paſſed.

The hunting of the 'Bus.

It muſt be admitted that omnibuſes are a little ſhy of human approach; you deſcry one afar, and beckon to it perſuaſively, but it heeds not your blandiſhments; you begin to run, which cauſes it to flee from you like the timid deer. Then in the diſtance it ſtops—tantaliſingly, almoſt coquettiſhly—and as you bear down upon it, is off again, and you

ſee it no more. The omnibus is, as is unjuſtly ſaid of its ſworn enemy, the policeman, rare when wanted; *en revanche*, it is eminently gregarious. Its inſtincts would ſeem to be not ungenerous, for it has been known to 'nurſe' a rival, and do all in its power to lighten the other's load, and take it upon itſelf, in that reſpect affording a valuable moral leſſon to ſelfiſh humanity. It would, by the way, be extremely inſtructive if one could diſcover an omnibus's private opinion of a road-car.

'The greateſt is behind.'

An omnibus, as befits a democratic inſtitution, is itſelf a type of the democracy—for the driver is nobody in compariſon with the real conductor of the machine, who occupies quite a lowly poſition in the rear, but muſt be obeyed when he pulls the ſtring.

Some of the above remarks upon omnibuſes would ſeem to imply that the writer looks upon them as ſentient

A bold perſonification.

beings, if of a ſomewhat compoſite organiſation. Without abſolutely going as far as that, I once met a ſandwich-man in the Strand, who evidently took the broader view of this conveyance. It chanced that the driver in paſſing, either in ſport or inadvertence, flicked the ſandwich-man in the eye with his whip, whereupon the indignant ſufferer, without a moment's heſitation, ran after the omnibus and pinched the conductor on the leg.

F. Anstey.

THE BALLAD OF THE BARD.

SEE him come from far,
And, ſick with hopeleſſneſs,
Invoke ſome kindly ſtar,—
I ſee him come, no leſs.
Is there no hid receſs
Where hunted men may lie?
Ye gods, it is too hard!
I feel his glittering eye,—
Defend us from the Bard.

He knows nor let nor bar:
With ever-nearing ſtreſs,
Like Juggernaut his car,
I ſee him onward preſs;
He waves a huge MS.;

He puts evaſion by,
He ſtands—as one on guard,
And reads—how volubly!
Defend us from the Bard.

He reads—of Fates that mar,
Of woes beyond redreſs,
Of all the moons that are,
Of maids that never bleſs
(As one, indeed, might gueſs);
Of vows, of hopes too high,
Of dolours by the yard,
That none believe (or buy),—
Defend us from the Bard.

ENVOY.

Prince PHŒBUS, all muſt die,
Or well- or evil-ſtarred,
But why in this way—why?
Defend us from the Bard.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A FARCE

OF

LAST CENTURY.

IN 1799 a Farce entitled '*The Students, or the Humours of St. Andrews*,' written by JAMES STEWART, was performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL in the Haymarket. It is dedicated, as a matter of courſe, to GEORGE COLEMAN, and appears to have been previouſly produced, in a rudimentary ſtate, in America, and at a 'benefit' performance in London. The author looks with confidence to the ſupport of

The title of it hopeful—

'a numerous Band,
The hardy Sons of Calidonia's Land,'

who, 'coming from Scotland' (which, as Bozzy ſaid, they could not help), muſt have frequented the London theatres, and enjoyed alluſions in broad Scotch to Scotch manners and Scotch drink (not whiſky at this time in Eaſt Scotland, but claret and brandy, varied occaſionally with Hollands gin).

but tantaliſing.

In ſpite of the tantaliſing title, the play tells us little that we care to know. If we may truſt ſuch evidence, we ſhould conclude that certain ſtudents uſed to meet at the Glaſs Tavern to have a merry night, and 'crack a bottle' there with drovers, etc., who called them by their Chriſtian names; that the evening was ſometimes enlivened with a game of cards (known—to avoid ſcandal—as 'the Books'); that *gentlemen* rather avoided playing for money, but preferred ſtaking 'a Bowl of Punch, or two or three Bottles of Wine,' for the good of the houſe, or, as the would-be

gambler ſcornfully ſays, 'for the making of taverns.'

Beyond the tavern interior the play has little local colour. Whether the writer was ever a St. Andrews ſtudent or no does not appear. The contrary is certainly not proved by his confeſſion that he 'never had a proper claſſical education.' He had probably been once at St. Andrews, but the traces of ſpecial knowledge are ſlight. The following are the chief topographical alluſions: 'the ditch behind the Abbey walls' (where the Exciſeman had been over-ſhoes in filth); 'the Butts'; 'the Long Sands,' a ſcene of ſmuggling exploits; 'at Lumſdale's Park there 's a Party of us Agree'd to ſpend the Day and be merry; we are to have a dance'; 'taking an Airing round the Abbey, we had got as far as the *Caſtle Bray*.' 'Money-Hall' is probably no leſs imaginary than the 'Alpion Hills.' The beſt

i.e. the Caſtle Brae.

of the ſongs interſperſed is a verſion of 'Coming through the Broom at e'en.' There is no alluſion to golf, nor to Kate Kennedy. Football is once mentioned, but not by a ſtudent. On the other hand, the practice of archery is ſuppoſed to be ſtill in full ſwing.

The Plot.

The afternoon has been ſpent in a ſhooting-match at the 'Buts,' in returning from which the ſtudents diſcharge their arrows over the ſpire of 'St. Leonards' (St. Salvator's is meant) before delivering their bows at the College. Then they repair to the tavern, and there concoct the plot on which the action turns. Of the three ſtudents, *Byron*, *Freeport*, and *Frederick*, *Byron* is engaged to *Emily*, with whoſe friend, *Harriot*, *Freeport* is in love. *Emily's* uncle and guardian, *Graſpall*, has betrothed her to his ſon *Andrew* for the ſake of her fortune. With the help of

Byron, *Harriot*, and *Frederick* (with whom *Andrew* is intimate), *Freeport* ſucceeds in defeating *Graſpall's* object, and making *Emily* his own; while as an underplot or ſecondary action, the ſtudents, aided by the *Drover*, cheat *Macdowell* the Exciſeman and his wife into the belief that they have come into a fortune. Their diſappointment and *Graſpall's* make the fun of the piece.

The Drover and the Exciſeman.

Much of the dialogue is poor enough, but there is a trace of genuine rough humour in the parts of the Drover and the Exciſeman. The latter, though 'ane of his Majeſty's Officers,' has various ugly by-names, as 'Cag- (Keg) hunter,' 'Bag-hunting Raſcal,' 'Bait-for-the-Devil,' and other ſavoury appellations.

Here are the Drover's views on gentlemanly play, and the Exciſeman's report of recent exploits—whether of his own or of the ſmugglers the ſequel

will ſhow,—printed from a copy of the play now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Drov. I hate to be Idle, ſuppoſe we have a game,
At Catch the Ten. [*Rings.*
Here is juſt Six o' us, and I have got
A Twenty Shillings Note
That's rather the worſe for Wear,
So I'd willingly take a Chance to part with it, [*Enter Boy.*
Or get one to mend it, what ſay ye?
The 'Books.' Tell your Miſtreſs to ſend up the Books,
She kens what I mean. [*Exit Boy.*

Freep. I am agreeable, for one.

Fred. And I, for a Game or two.

Byr. I have no Objection,
Provided there's no Money play'd for,
As a Bowl of Punch, or two or three Bottles of Wine,

But no further, that Perſon that would entice me,
Or you, or any one to Gamble for Money,
I 'count him no Freind of mine,
And a worſe one to himſelf,
We have Precedents for it daily,
If you are agreeable, the Money ſhall be ſpent
On Macdowell's Return, as it certainly will be,
Let the Cards be call'd for.
I 'll win if I can. Come, to it,
For I expect him ſoon,
[*Looks on his Watch.*
'Tis almoſt Seven o'Clock.

Drov. As to the Perſon, Mr. Byron, I certainly muſt be he, as I undoubtedly Was the firſt Propoſer,
[*Enter Boy with the Cards.*
But that I ſhould entice you, or he, Or any one, (as you pleaſe to ſay)

The Drover takes the huff.

A diſcuſſion.

For the Lucre of the Caſh only, no Sir,
I ſcorn it, and I 'd have you think ſo,
I love Cards 'tis true, and to play,
Such or ſuch Bet being laid,
Gives me an Attention to it:
Why we ſhould play for Wines, Punch, or ſo,
There is no Reaſon, let each pay his Quoto,
If for one friendly Game or two, ſay the Word,
I have long play'd for the making of Taverns,
I 'll do 't no more.

Byr. Sir, you'r hot, I pitch not on you only,
'Tis a Trade too much in Vogue, upon Honor,
Mr. Henpeck, I thought not of you in particular.

Drov. Sir, Sir, I 've done, let it drop.

Byr. Well, come on, ſhall we cut for Partners?

Freep. Let it be as we ſet, we 're much alike.

Drov. So we are, [*Cuts the Cards*] there deal,
I dina care wha wins, ſo 's we are doing,
But I'd rather—hark, he 's coming up-ſtairs, [*Freeport ſtill keeps Dealing.*

[*Macdowell behind the Scenes.*

Macd. Here, Waiter, Ladde, gee's a Light.
What caw ye this Uſage, no Attendance, — The Exciſe-man.
No regard, for ane of his Majeſty's Officers. [*Enters.*
This Houſe is o' late turn'd heels o'er head.
Gentlemen, your Servant.—Mr. Byron,
I am glad to ſee you, and all, indeed I am,

But you maun excuſe me a bit,
For I am vext, quite vext.

Byr. Mr. Macdowel,
I am glad to have the Pleaſure
Of your good Company, nō Man more ſo,
We could not think what detained you.
Smoak him. [*aſide.*

They ſmoke the Exciſe-man.

Bleſs me, Sir, you are in a filthy Condition:
How came you ſo, ha, ha, ha!

Macd. Yes, I am in a Condition,
I was in a worſe a little while ago,
I've had a Race.

Freep. A Race, where to, Mr. Macdowell?

Fred. Poh, why need you aſk that,
His Stockings ſhews you, 'twas in the Ditch,
Behind the Abbey Walls.

Macd. I dinna ken what they caw'd,
But the Child 's gotten off we his Cagg o' Brandy.
And drove me into the Ditch at the ſame Time,
Eh Goſh, I thought I ſhould never got out again,
That 's what keept me ſa lang, I was aſhamed
To come into the Town before it was dark;
And I dur'ſtna gang hame,
My Wife wad a play'd the Deel we me,
She wad na letten me out na mare this Night,
Eh Cod, I 'ſe warrant her.

An infinite loſs.

Byr. It's very unlucky, Sir,
But come, ſit down, forget it now,
And let us ſpend a jovial Evening.
Fill your Glaſſes.—Sir, your good Health,
Your Lady's likewiſe,

[*to Mr. Macdowell.*

Macd. Eh, what, Sir, ha ye a Mind
to mock me,
I'll ha nane of your Ladies.
Plain Mrs. Macdowell, 'till better faws
out.

Byr. I hope I've not offended you,
I did not mean it, will you take a Pipe,
Sir?

Macd. No, Sir, I ge ye thanks,
I ha na us'd Tobacco,
Never ſince our Northern Brethren
turn'd Rebels,
For you maun ken, Gentlemen,
I dinna like ony thing that grows,
Or wa'd be of Service
Or advantageous to a Rebel Country.

The war with America.

Freep. I commend you, Sir, you was
a Royaliſt
In the laſt Rebellion here in Scotland, I
think.

Kinkell Cave.

Macd. Was I not, Sir, ge me Leave
to tell ye
It was then I was made an Exciſeman,
As a Reward for Loyalty.

Freep. You was nobly Rewarded.

. . . . . .

Byr. Pray, Mr. Macdowell,
When had you a Viſit
From your old Friend my Lordy,
The noted Smuggler?

Macd. Oh, that's well minded,
I thought I had Something to tell ye.
Faith I hanna had a Viſit from him this
good While;
But I paid him ſic a ane a little Time
back,
As I thought wad a made him rue't,
But, ha, ha, you ſhall hear how he
ſarv'd me.
Mr. Lookout and myſel

Were out ae Morning wi' oure Boat,
When wha ſhould we ſee,
At the bottom of the lang Saunds,
But my Lordy and his Men
As buſy as as many Deels in a high Wind,
'Livering and carting away
A Cargo o' Gin and Tea;
We rows up to him, and I hallow'd out,
Hie! hie! what the Deel caw ye this, my Lordy,
Ha, ha, have I knabb'd ye at laſt?

Freep. I imagine he wou'd have diſpenſed
With your Viſit at that Time.

The Smuggler

Macd. I then thought ſa;
But mark how he ſarv'd us.
As undaunted as if Nathing had been the Matter,
He ſays, Ah! what my old Friend,
Mr. Macdowell, at this Time o' the Morning,
Wha wad a thought o' ſeeing you here?

Ay! ay! ſays I, I ſuppoſe you did na
expect me;
But I am here,
And you ſhall know it before you and
me part.
—O! I dinna i' the le'ſt doubt your
Word, Sir,
But what the Deel d' ye make ſic a
Hooting at,
Ye'll waken au the Neighbours
About our Luggs.——
As Heaven ſhall be my Judge,
For I cou'd na help ſwearing;
Ye little underſiz'd, crook'd Back Body,
What caw ye the Wild-jukes and Sea-
maws
That's walking about:
The Neighbours?—
Cod, I 'ſe waken ye wi' a Vengeance.
For ye maun ken it's twa Mile fray ony
houſe,
It was ſic a Taunt.
[*All laugh here.*

has the beſt of it.

Fred. That's laughable enough,
You went aboard, I preſume.

Macd. Ay, ay, we ga'd aboard, I aſure ye,
The Side man'd with the ropes o'er to accomodate us:
And, choak his Accomadations, I ſay,
We were no ſooner upon Deck,
When twa to ane, twa to ane,
Faw's on and bound us Head and Heels,
Goſh, we look'd juſt like twa Calfs,
This done, they laſhes Mr. Lookout
To the weather Side o' the Barkey;
Twas then ſnowing;
And the Splaſh o' the Sea, it freezing hard,
Ha, ha, he looked juſt like a Pig
Baſted wi' Flour and Butter:
I ſhall ne'er forget it.
Me they tumbled into the Cabin
Wi' as little Regret, as ye wad row a Fut-baw:

An alluſion to Foot-Ball.

Indeed my Lordy,
As I was an ald Acquaintance, loos'd me,
And, as ye may ſay, forc'd me to tak five Guineas:
As for my Partner, he was a young Officer,
Had o'er money e'en, they were forced to blind him
Wi' Holland's Gin.

Freep. Is that the Way
The Smugglers uſe the King's Officers,
When they board their Veſſels?

Macd. Ay, Sir;
Ye ken a little now and then dis na hurt a poor Man;
To be ſure, we are obliged to take a little ſometimes,
To make a Shew.
It wad be a Shame to take what we might,
It dis a man very little good,

A Portrait by himſelf.

As they ſay, light come ſo ſpent,
The Remainder only goes to feed them
That dis na want it.

Byr. Very faithful Servants you Exciſemen
Are to your Maſter.

Macd. If we're too honeſt, we cou'd na live.

With Exciſemen of Mr. MACDOWELL'S *capacity*, it is eaſily intelligible how the importation of claret and brandy was preferable, as an occupation, at leaſt in the Lowlands, to the manufacture of whiſky. O ſhade of ROBERT BURNS! and waſt thou fain to be the comrade of ſuch rogues forlorn?

A memory of youth.

Suppoſing the author of the Farce to be in middle life, the mention of the ſhooting-match may be 'retroſpective.' The following note on this ſubject has been ſupplied by Mr. A. P. HODGE:

ST. ANDREWS FROM THE HARBOUR

Archery.

'The date of the *laſt* archery medal is 1751. The proof of the diſcontinuance of the *prize-arrow* competition is partly circumſtantial.

'The union of the Colleges (St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's) took place in 1747. Now this prize-arrow competition was a rivalry between the Colleges as to who could produce the beſt ſhot for the year, and of courſe he was Captain.

gives way to golf.

'This rivalry then ceaſed, and the more popular game of golf took its place, and not a few of the former winners of the prize-arrows became the founders of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1754; among others, the Earl of Wemyss and his father-in-law, the notorious Francis Charteris of Amisfield (for account of the latter, ſee Arbuthnot, etc.) In the early part of this century an attempt was made to get up a golf competition in the *Univerſity*, under preciſely the ſame conditions as the former arrow competition, but it came to nothing. A few of the more reſolute banded themſelves together, and held an annual competition for a club, to which the winner attached a ſilver ball. A rather ſingular condition was, that the laſt winner who held it (all the others having died out) ſhould be held to be the lawful heir to the club and balls.

'—— M'Inroy of Lude, near Blair Athole, proved to be the longeſt liver and winner, and it now lies with his family as an heirloom.'

Reaſon verſus Rhyme.

UNDERNEATH the waving birches,
with the ſunlight ſtreaming o'er,
Lay the poet, diſcontented with the
life he led before;
'Lo,' he ſaid, 'in idle dreaming have I ſpent the
better part
Of the ſpace that time has granted in the ſervice
of an art
That may touch the tender fancy, but can never
change the heart.

'And I ſee among the billows raging round the
coaſt of life
Many a hopeleſs fellow-creature waging ſtill the
deadly ſtrife,

Fighting sin, and pain, and hunger, with an
anguish none can tell,
Doubting even if God's mercy on His
creatures ever fell,
Till the jaws of ocean opening drag him
down with death to dwell.

'Let me cast aside my musing, let me take a
nobler course,
Let me strive for human progress with my
utmost mental force,
Let me, through the mighty levers of the
platform and the press,
Raise my fellow-man's condition, and his
myriad wrongs redress,
And succeeding times the value of my labours
shall confess.'

So he rose with settled purpose, and he fought
a noble fight,
Thinking, speaking, writing, warring in the
interests of right;
In the city's thronged assemblies rose his
loud impassioned cry,

Hall and market heard him ever lift his warning voice on high,
Haunting ſmoky ſtreets, inſtead of ſunny fields and open ſky.

But the flaſhing ſteel of genius dimmed with age's cankered ruſt,
And the world went on unheeding; the Reformer ſank to duſt,—
Speeches, pamphlets, all forgotten, ſlept, and never woke again;
But the Poet lived in all the products of his early pen,
And his ſimple ditties ever lingered in the hearts of men.

W. A. Craigie.

Aug. 1886.

ETHAN.

The Caſhier

HE was the caſhier at KENNEDY's Bank, and KENNEDY's Bank ſtands, if you want to know, on the corner of Ninth and C Streets, Carſon City, Nevada, and his name was ETHAN WILLARD.

Not an out-of-the-way man this ETHAN. A tall, gaunt Yankee; ſallow, ſtraight-haired, dark-eyed, and ſtooping-ſhouldered, but without the conſtitutional toughneſs that ſhould dwell in thoſe angular, ungainly frames that have battled with the eaſt winds of Cape Cod. He was not phyſically ſtrong, neither was he what you might have called

'ſmart.' He had come out Weſt, not to make his fortune, but to live ſomehow, after breaking down during his ſecond year at Harvard, and uſing up his reſources in a long illneſs at home. And now, at twenty-eight, he was perfectly content to do his work quietly in KENNEDY'S Bank, without any particular ambition to advance in life by ſetting up for himſelf. He juſt worked on, and read and thought in his ſpare hours —his favourite books were the Bible and EMERSON; and he never dreamed—brave, ſimple ſoul—of ſeeing any incompatibility between them. And more than anything or perſon elſe he loved Mr. CHARLES KENNEDY, the junior partner.

and his friend.

It was CHARLES KENNEDY who firſt got him his place; met him by chance in St. Louis a friendleſs ſtranger, and helped him. And ever ſince, he had been inveſted in that ſtranger's eyes with a kind of halo. He was not an

ordinary American banker, with a huge buſineſs to 'run,' and a 'pile' to make as faſt as he could. He was a hero to worſhip; a brave, generous friend, to whom all in trouble and ſorrow might turn and find relief; a man that it would be a glory and a joy to die for.

The friend is deſcribed.

Perhaps one ought to ſay a few words about CHARLES KENNEDY, as he exiſted in himſelf, and not as he was pictured in ETHAN WILLARD's imagination. No; he was not a ſaint, nor a hero, nor anything but a faulty, blundering man, ſtruggling blindly and imperfectly towards the right, his hands filled and his mind diſtracted with work enough for five—but a man to love and truſt nevertheleſs, as this poor world goes. A ſunny-natured man, with a pleaſant ſmile and a kindly word for every one, and one of thoſe tempers which are as oil to the wheels of life. He was rather tall, with curly brown hair, growing rather low

The friend ſtill further deſcribed.

down over a broad, ſquare forehead, dancing grey eyes, that perhaps betrayed a drop or two of Iriſh blood, and a clear-cut, firmly-ſet mouth, with humour and tenderneſs, as well as ſtrength, in its curves. He was a thorough man of buſineſs—keen, prompt, and ſagacious,—and yet his partners were conſtantly caſting it up to him that he was not buſineſs-like enough. The truth was, that KENNEDY's Bank was not the one fact in life to him, as it was to them—as it had been to his father in his later days. Perhaps this was how he had time to realiſe that the men under him were human beings, and not mere calculating and other machines exiſting for the ſole uſe and behoof of KENNEDY's Bank; and his ready human ſympathy made them feel it too.

And in the hurry of that deadening round of buſineſs theſe two lives, moving on in their reſpective orbits, did

touch now and then. They were ſtrangely drawn to each other, theſe two. KENNEDY had from the firſt felt a great intereſt in the lonely, earneſt-hearted man who didn't care ſo greatly about 'getting on'; and further intercourſe wakened into new life feelings long dormant in his own ſoul—longings after things pure and true and lovely—that he was beginning to forget. At thirty-three he was ſlowly changing, ſinking to the level of the money-making world around him—and then he met ETHAN. And whenever they had had a quiet talk together, which ſometimes happened, he felt that he was a better man for knowing him.

The ſecond partner.

Of courſe, he truſted his man as his own right hand—more, in fact, than what Mr. VANSTEEN quite approved of. Mr. VANSTEEN would have preferred a ſmarter man, without an inconvenient conſcience; but had at laſt to with-

draw his oppoſition to ETHAN's appointment.

I do not know whether I have conveyed a clear idea of the relation between theſe two. They were ſcarcely cloſe friends, as the expreſſion is generally underſtood. They met comparatively ſeldom, except in the courſe of the day's buſineſs; and every one acquainted with the routine of a bank knows how much that amounts to. Only, the name of CHARLES KENNEDY ſummed up the greater part of life to ETHAN; and as for KENNEDY—well, he never knew what ETHAN was to him till that laſt night . . .

This was how it happened.

Ethan in charge.

The head caſhier was away, and ETHAN was in charge for the night. Everything was locked up, the laſt look round given, the night-watchman on duty, lights were out, and all was ſtill. He muſt have been ſitting in his room

reading; they found his EMERSON'S *Eſſays* on the table afterwards, a ſlip of paper with ſome haſtily-pencilled verſes between the leaves—which CHARLES KENNEDY kept to his dying day,—when he heard what made him ſnatch the revolver from the drawer under his hand, and haſten out. He puſhed open the door of Mr. VANSTEEN'S private room, and then the light of a dark lantern was flaſhed in his face, and he juſt had time to ſee that he was ſurrounded by ſome half-dozen men, ſome maſked, ſome with their faces blackened, all armed, when he felt himſelf ſeized. He raiſed his wriſt, the piſtol went off, and was wrenched out of his hand, while at the ſame time he received a blow on the head that nearly ſtunned him, and then, through the miſt that had gathered over his ſenſes, he became aware that they were ſpeaking, and ſpeaking to him. 'Key of the ſtrong-

The burglars.

room' fell on his ear again and again as a meaningleſs jumble of words, before he remembered what it was, and knew they were aſking him for it. And then he did not anſwer.

'*Do* you know where that key is, or not?' ſaid one, ſhaking him by the ſhoulder.

'Yes.'

'Hand it over.'

'No.' He was looking intently, yet half-dreamily, at the ſoot-begrimed face before him, and wondering abſtractedly where he could have ſeen it before.

'Well,' ſaid the man, 'have you done ſtaring? Do you know we mean to ſhoot you, unleſs you look ſmart?'

A terrible ſituation.

Ethan rouſed himſelf, and looked round. His brain was clear now. He knew he was quite alone and powerleſs in their hands, unleſs that ſhot had been heard; and even then help might not come in time. He had fully taken in

the ſituation: he muſt betray his truſt or die.

Not a difficult choice, one would ſuppoſe, in theory; but how many have been tried and know? ETHAN was no coward; but ſurely he would have been more or leſs than human if he had not felt that one moment's deadly chill at his heart. But when he heard the click of the ſix-ſhooter at his ear, and felt the rim of the barrel preſſing ſharp and cold againſt his temple, he ſaid never a word.

'What are you waſting your —— time for?' ſaid one. 'Why don't you ſearch him, and ſee if he's got them? Might have done that before!'

'All very fine; but who's to know how to open that thar —— lock?'

The Keys.

It was vain to ſtruggle in the graſp of the two who held him; they ſoon had the keys. But this could matter little ſo long as he alone knew their uſe, and that ſecret death itſelf ſhould not wreſt

from him. He let them threaten, and curſe, and promiſe, and ſtill ſaid nothing.

'We can't be all night,' growled a tall, powerful man, who ſeemed to be the leader, ſtepping forward; 'You git, will you? Bet you *I* kin find ways enough to make any fool like that cave in!'

A ſtrange light leapt into ETHAN'S eyes, and he ſpoke, very quietly, but with a ring of triumph in his voice—

'Not always, if the fool has God to help him!'

Ethan is ſtruck,

The man turned livid with rage at the calm defiance; he lifted his hand, and ſtruck ETHAN in the face. The ſight ſeemed to quicken the paſſions of the others to blood heat. The man with the revolver raiſed it again, and was drawing the trigger.

'Put that blaſted thing down,' ſaid the leader. 'We don't want a noiſe. This 'll fetch him juſt as well. Now,

will you open that door or not? One —two—three.'

'No,' ſaid ETHAN.

The hand that wielded that long keen blade was no unpractiſed one. It was by deſign, not accident, that it did not touch the heart. There was a little gaſp and ſhiver—no more. Yet again the Congreſs knife came down;— and then there was a ruſh of many feet outſide, ſudden darkneſs, the ſnapping of ſhots, a ſwaying ſcuffle, and when lights were brought back, and the room was cleared, the police had four of the gang handcuffed — and CHARLES KENNEDY knelt beſide a dying man. and falls.

'ETHAN, ETHAN, I cannot try to thank you. You have ſaved us from ruin; but the price is too great!'

He looked up, and ſmiled faintly.

'Not for you!'

That was all their farewell.

ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

LONG neighbouring with a road-
way breadth between,
Broken has been our talk, our
greetings few :
Slowly in ſilent ſhade the kindneſs grew,
That now in clearer light craves to be ſeen.
For you are going. Now the miſty ſcreen
That blinded both while nearer than we
knew,
Is blown to nothingneſs, and, glancing
through,
Eye beams on eye with bright unſhadowed
ſheen.

Then, ere we part, let Memory's gaze prolong
Thoſe fleeting moments, and to years expand
The days of muſic and dear nights of ſong
Snatched from the dulneſs of a wintry land,
(Poor paſſing courteſies of hand in hand);
And bid the Future do the Paſt no wrong.

L. C.

The Hunt o' Calydon.

(Homer, *Il.* ix. 534 *ſeqq.*)

A BOAR has come frae holt an' hill
Wi' battle bleezin' in his e'en,
On lo'eſome leys to wirk his will;
Anither like was ſeldom ſeen;
His hide is hard as hurcheon's fell,
An' white his teeth as ſiller ſheen;
An' nane were meet wi' him to mell
O' men that wicht in weir hae been.

The buirdly aiks frae rutes he rave,
An' laid them ſpeldit far an' wide;
The firs to grund he derfly drave,
An' laich in ſtour he ſet their pride.

The birds forhow'd their wontit ſtede,
The deer in greenwood ſchaw were fley'd,
To muirs betook themſel's wi' ſpeed,
Sin nocht his felloun force cou'd bide.

As whiſtlin' winds frae norlan' glacks
Atween the hills come tearin' doun,
An' Winter, horſed upo' their backs,
To ſpread his ſnawy wings is boun,
Syne a' the fields, but halflins ſhorn,
Wi' drumly ſpate the rivers droun,
E'en ſae the monſter laid the corn,
An' waſtit a' the country roun'.

If there was ane that made ſae bauld
As haud the ugly brute again,
His daurin'neſs fu' dear was ſauld,
Although he were o' meikle main.
Like ſtrae it ſned the airn ſtaff,
The ſpear it hude in heich diſdain,
Nae wappon was cou'd waird it aff,
But wild at will it plagued the plain.

But Meleager thocht it ſhame
That they ſud thole the ſcaith ſa lang;
'Sal we,' he ſaid, 'hae boſt an' blame,
While ſpears are ſharp and ſwerds are ſtrang?'
Sae through the lan' he gaed in hy,
An' ſaid his ſay his frien's amang,
That they to ding the beaſt ſud try
That had them wrocht ſa meikle wrang.

The hunters cam' frae uplan' grey,
An' gaither't in frae burrows-toun,
O' ilka kind an' kin were they,
The ſtalwart man an' beardleſs loun.
O' grindin' blade an' ſharpin' ſpear
There raiſe on heich the dinſome ſoun',
Till boden a' in feir o' weir
To ſeek the boar they made them boun.

The hunts are up, wi' hund an' horn,
An' lichtly lanſſin' ower the lan',
The gallants gaed at brak o' morn,
Wi' helm on heid an' ſpear in han',

Till in a den whar ſhades are dark,
An' trees like laithly ettins ſtan',
The dogs ſet up an unco bark,
As 'neth a craig the brute they fan'.

To battle buſk't they them bidene,
Their bows o' horn like wands they bent,
Wi' feathered flanes they bicker't keen,
An' grundin' derts at him they ſent;
In weirlike weid ſae weel beſeen,
Fu' ſturdy ſtraiks their leader lent,
Gif ilka bern as bauld had been,
The beaſt they ſune had ſurely ſhent.

But, fleyed ſae far to forſs the feid,
Their manly mude began to ſtint,—
He 's wyſs that for himſel' has heed,
An' bydes atowre frae danger's dint.
His e'en were bricht as gleamin' glede,
His girnin' teeth ſtrak fyre like flint,
'Twas lang or they wad gar him drede
The clang o' ſteel or wappon's glint.

When Meleager ſaw them a'
For fear o' miſchief bydin' back,
Quo' he, 'Methinks it 's honour ſma'
To ſwear, an' ſyne the hecht to brak.
Sae bauld 's ye war when renk't on raw,
Ye foundit furth to find his track,
An' now ye fain wad wend awa',
An' tyne the prize ye trow'd to tak.

'But an ye liſt to byde a wee,
Ye may behauld a feat o' fame,
That till the warl's en' ſal be,
An' win for me a noble name.
If it betide that dule I dree,
Be mine the glore an' yours the ſhame;
Stir nane, but ſtand aſide an' ſee
If hardiment in me has hame.'

He hynt in hand his byrniſt blade,
His ſheenin' ſhield afore him threw,
Wi' ſtalwart ſtaps he ſternly ſtrade
To meet the boar, that grimmer grew,

An' girn'd an' meikle menace made
As Meleager cloſer drew,
Syne 'tween the twa but mair abaid
A battle brym began anew.

Like lion ferſs for faut o' fude,
The brute ſae braithly on him brak,
That Meleager's manly mude
Was fain at firſt to draw aback;
Him likit nocht ſic rivin' rude
The monſter's trenchin' tuſk cou'd mak,
But yieldit grund wi' guidin' gude,
An' warely watch't afore he ſtrak.

Wi' mou' that gaped like open grave,
An' birſe that ſtiffly ſtude upricht,
To drive aſide his ſhield it ſtrave,
But he was wyſs as he was wicht.
The ſhield atween its jaws he drave,
An' lent a ſtraik wi' a' his micht,
The blade through hide an' harns clave,
An' on the buckler's edge cou'd licht.

When ance they ſaw the peſt was deid,
The reſt cam' roun' about him thrang,
O' deir they now had little dreid,
Sin he ſae weel had wreak't their wrang;
For whilk he met wi' meikle meid,
An' mony a bard his praiſes ſang,
Though hyne araiſe a felloun feid
Was ferſſly focht an' leſtit lang.

The aunters o' this weirman wicht,
A tale o' time when yirth was young,
It 's lang ſin firſt they ſaw the licht,
In Greek by auncient Homer ſung.
An' I, a ſimple ballad wicht,
Hae turn't it in my hamert tongue,
As geſt o' keen and comely knicht,
That wide through a' the warl' has rung.

W. A. Craigie.

May 1886.

AN ETRUSCAN RING.

'Sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
Gallicum Rhenum horribile aequor ulti-
moſque Britannos.'

I.

WHERE, girt with orchard and with olive-yard,
The white hill-fortreſs brooded on the hill,
Day after day an ancient goldſmith's ſkill
Guided the copper graver, tempered hard
By ſome loſt ſecret, while he ſhaped the ſard
Slowly to beauty, and his tiny drill,
Edged with corundum, ground its way, until
The gem lay perfect for the ring to guard.

Then ſeeing the ſtone complete to his deſire,
With myſtic imagery carven thus,
And dark Egyptian ſymbols fabulous,
He drew through it the delicate golden wire,
And bent the faſtening; and the Etrurian ſun
Sank over Ilva, and the work was done.

II.

What dark-haired daughter of a Lucumo
Bore on her ſlim white finger to the grave
This the firſt gift her Tyrrhene lover gave
Thoſe five-and-twenty centuries ago?
What ſhadowy dreams might haunt it, lying low
So long, while kings and armies, wave on wave,
Above the rock-tomb's buried architrave
Went million-footed trampling to and fro?

Who knows? but well it is ſo frail a thing,
Unharmed by conquering Time's ſupremacy,
Still ſhould be fair, though ſcarce leſs old than Rome.
Now once again, at reſt from wandering,
Acroſs the high Alps and the dreadful ſea,
In utmoſt England let it find a home.

J. W. Mackail.

Thomas Chalmers,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY
AT ST. ANDREWS, 1823-28.

THE following reference to Dr. CHALMERS's work in St. Andrews deſerves a place in this volume. It is from the funeral ſermon on CHALMERS delivered by Dr. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER in 1847.

The witneſs of a pupil.

'At one time I ſuſtained to him a cloſe and endearing relation—that of a pupil who loved as well as admired his teacher. I owe to him one of the greateſt boons a young man can receive from a ſenior, in the firſt awakening up of my mind to ſome ſenſe of intellectual excellence,

and to ſome aſpiration after intellectual diſtinction. I enjoyed, at the period referred to, much of his perſonal ſociety and friendſhip; and to the laſt I retained for him a perſonal affection and a reſpect which differences of opinion and oppoſitions of action could not deſtroy.'

Theſe words ſpeak for their own genuineneſs. But this is further confirmed by the record of young ALEXANDER's firſt impreſſions of Dr. CHALMERS, preſerved in a letter to his father, written ſhortly after his arrival at St. Andrews in the autumn of 1825.[1]

The ſtudents' breakfaſt.

'Laſt Saturday I breakfaſted with Dr. CHALMERS, in company with ſeveral more young fellow-ſtudents, and we ſpent altogether a very pleaſant morning. The Doctor was very funny; indeed he is funny enough even when he does not mean it; but I mean he was very

[1] *W. Lindſay Alexander: His Life and Work*, Niſbet and Co., 1887, p. 11.

jocular, and laughed very heartily along with us. It was moſt amuſing when we were ſtanding (for it does not ſeem to be the faſhion here to ſit) round the fire before breakfaſt, to hear the Doctor put firſt a queſtion to one of us; then he would think a little, and put a queſtion to another, and ſo on. The queſtion which came to me was, "I hope your father was well, Mr. ALEXANDER, when you heard laſt?" I having replied in the affirmative, he ſaid, "Did he once call upon me in St. Andrews here about the Seaman's Friend Society?" "I rather think not, ſir," ſaid I; "but he once wrote to you about the Local Sabbath School Society." "O yes, yes; that was it. I hope the local ſchools are coming on well?" Having replied as I could, he proceeded: "Does Miſs GRIERSON take a very active hand in the ſchools in Leith?" "Only in her own ſchools, I believe, ſir." "In

The kindly Catechiſm.

her own ſchool; ay, ſhe is quite right, Mr. ALEXANDER, quite right. I think great injury has been done to the courſe of Chriſtian philanthropy by that deſire for management and committeeſhip which prevails in our day." Here Mrs. CHALMERS entered, and the Doctor had to be *nomenclator* to ſome of his pupils, elſe it is hard to ſay what illumination I might have got about Chriſtian philanthropy but for that circumſtance. Worſhip next ſucceeded, which was very intereſting; then came breakfaſt, which was very good; and then came going away, which was very ſad! The Doctor, ſhaking hands, said: "Remember me to your father when you write, and tell him I ſhall be happy to ſee him if he ever comes to St. Andrews"—which I hereby do.'

The meſſage.

A plain enough picture of a common incident! But, juſt as the poet owns,

'I love to contemplate, apart
From all his homicidal ſtory,
The traits that ſoften to the heart
Napoleon's glory,'

ſo the preſent writer, as an outſider, may perhaps be permitted to ſay that a perſonal impreſſion of CHALMERS's geniality and broad human ſympathies, received in caſual neighbourly intercourſe 'before the Diſruption,' is worth more to him than all the eventful 'management and committeeſhip' into which the Doctor was reluctantly drawn,—ay, more even than the *Aſtronomical Diſcourſes*.

L. C.

The good gift of being human.

ON

A ST. ANDREWS STUDENT WHO DIED.

THERE was a bee, a happy bee, that flew
With gentle muſic on the ſummer air,
While yet the beauties of the day were new,
And waking flowers did open everywhere.

It was a ſilent and a ſunny morn,
No breeze ſave one did ſcare the promiſed noon;
And, as it paſſed, amid the leaves were borne
Its ſighs at paſſing from the ſcene ſo ſoon.

But ſtay! what thing is this ſo lowly thrown,
With wings all ſpread, upon the ſtream's cold tide,
With muſic huſhed ere his firſt flight was flown,
And hopes faſt hurried to the waters wide?

O come, ye winds! pour down, ye lofty ſkies,
And bear me too from theſe ſad memories!

JAMES KEY.

Moſſelbay, South Africa.

TO A BIBLIOMANIAC.

(PARAPHRASED FROM AN EPIGRAM OF AUSONIUS.[1])

BECAUSE your books are richly bound,
You feel a ſcholar through and through?
Then one Cremona, ſmooth and ſound,
Might make a fiddler of you too!

EDMUND GOSSE.

[1] *Emptis quod libris tibi bibliotheca referta eſt,*
Doctum et grammaticum te, Philomuſe, putas?
Hoc genere et chordas, et plectra, et barbita conde;
Omnia mercatus, cras citharoedus eris!

AUSONII *Epig.* xliv.

TO A

PASTORAL POET.

AMONG my beſt I put your Book,
O Poet of the breeze and brook!
(That breeze and brook which blows and falls
More ſoft to thoſe in city walls,)
Among my beſt: and keep it ſtill,
Till down the fair green-girdled hill,
Where ſlopes my garden-ſlip, there goes
The wandering wind that wakes the roſe,
And ſcares the cohort that explore
The broad-faced ſun-flower o'er and o'er,
Or ſtarts the reſtleſs bees that fret
The bindweed and the mignonette.

Then I ſhall take your Book, and dream
I lie beſide ſome haunted ſtream;
And watch the criſping waves that paſs,
And watch the flicker in the graſs;
And wait—and wait—and wait to ſee
The Nymph—that never comes to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN THE LAND OF NOD.

MY bed! ſweet reſt when drowſy night
Weaves poppied ſpells about my head,
And dream-gods with dear fancy light
My bed.

For while my ſoul to earth is dead,
Sleep, a mortal-happy ſprite,
Hope and Heaven in dreams hath wed,

And thoughts that flit 'twixt ſleep and ſight,
Leaving ſweet hope when they are fled,
Cloſe round, to make beloved and bright
My bed.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

TO THE CUSHAT

GREY Cuſhat, in dim depths of yonder wood
Crooning full ſoft unto thy brooding mate,
With throbbing ſweetneſs, long-drawn, paſſionate,
Thou fill'ſt the liſtening ſilence! Thus with rude
Sweet ſtrains of oaten pipe the ſhepherds wooed
Sicilian maids, methinks, at evening late
In golden days of yore. Her ſolemn ſtate
Holds Nature here in melancholy mood,
As in a temple. Pillared pines, burnt red
From clouds that fill the windy Weſt with fire,
Upheave her myſtic arches, and o'erhead
Her roofs are chryſolite. And thou, ſweet bird,
Thou art her choſen ſinger, of her choir
Deareſt, and by her love the deepeſt ſtirred.

L. I. LUMSDEN.

A DAY'S TROUT FISHING

IT ſeldom falls to the lot of one man to be the hiſtorian as well as the hero of a notable day. As a rule, the character which is forward in action is backward in ſpeech; ſo that for the production of a chapter of hiſtory we commonly require at leaſt two perſons —one to do great deeds, and the other to deſcribe them. But in the preſent inſtance that neceſſity is overruled; ſince this particular chapter is written by me, and by me the deeds which it records were done.

Certain general reflections.

Conſummate happineſs.

Several years ago I was ſpending a month of that delightfully long vacation enjoyed by Scottiſh undergraduates in a farmhouſe ſituated cloſe to the river Tweed. Everything ſeemed to conſpire for my enjoyment. The ſpring was well advanced. I had had time to forget the worries of a laborious ſeſſion, and the October examinations were far enough off to be diſregarded for the preſent. The weather was all that could be deſired, and a good deal more than could be expected in the uncertain climate of the Britiſh Iſles. The ſcenery of that part of the Tweed, always lovely, was at its lovelieſt. If anything more was wanted, it was ſupplied in the perſon of my hoſt, whom it may not be improper to call Armstrong. In a thouſand ways he miniſtered, with thoughtful kindneſs, to my comfort and pleaſure. This is not the place, however, in which to

enter upon a detailed deſcription of his character, ſo I will content myſelf with mentioning one of its leading features. He was perhaps the moſt enthuſiaſtic fiſherman of the century. Like all enthuſiaſts, he endeavoured to engraft his enthuſiaſm upon thoſe with whom he was brought in contact; and he inſiſted that I ſhould go fiſhing. He pointed out the abſurdity of my remaining for any length of time in the neighbourhood of a river like the Tweed without being able, on my departure, to ſay I had fiſhed it. So groſs a neglect of opportunities that might poſſibly never occur again could not fail to be fraught with the moſt ſerious conſequences to my afterlife.

Exhortation.

I aſſented to this general principle, but indicated ſome difficulties in the way of giving it practical effect. To begin with, I could not fiſh. In reply, ARMSTRONG aſſured me that no one could

Objection.

Reſolve.

fiſh unleſs he tried; and further, that it was impoſſible for me to begin younger. As this ſeemed reaſonable enough, I brought out my next objection. I had no apparatus. ARMSTRONG had a ſpare rod and lots of tackle. The way was now perfectly clear, and we ſpent the afternoon in a field while ARMSTRONG inſtructed me in the myſtery of caſting. By nightfall I had maſtered the theory of the ſubject, and when I retired to reſt my dreams were of the moſt ſanguine deſcription.

Diſappointment.

We were to ſtart as early as poſſible. On being called at five o'clock, therefore, I dreſſed with the utmoſt alacrity and hurried down-ſtairs. My feelings may be better imagined than deſcribed when I found that breakfaſt was ſet for one! On the plate lay a note from ARMSTRONG, which I tore open and read. He had been compelled to leave by the early train to attend a confounded ſale,

which he had only remembered as he got out of bed. By this time he was probably half-way to the ſtation. Purſuit was vain, ſo I ſat down to breakfaſt, and finiſhed the haſtily ſcrawled and half-illegible note. He had put on the proper flies for me, and as the morning was dull, he made no doubt I ſhould have excellent ſport. The river being ſo near, he had put the rod together for me, and I could commence operations as ſoon as I got to the bank. He was very ſorry he could not come with me, but 'duty, you know, before pleaſure.'

Some compenſations.

I was ſorry too. There was no help for it, however, ſo I collected an extenſive luncheon, got the rod, and ſtarted. Of courſe, if I had taken a fiſhing-baſket, I could have carried my ſupplies in that; but I thought a fiſhing-baſket looked too preſumptuous, and ſtuffed them, as beſt I could, into my

pockets. As I emerged into the freſh, ſweet morning air, my ſpirits roſe, and I began to whiſtle out of tune for very joy. At the ſame time, I wiſhed that ARMSTRONG had ſhown me how to carry the rod. It was much longer than I had ſuppoſed, and gave me a good deal of trouble. I began by holding it horizontally in one hand at about a third of the diſtance from the butt-end, and balancing it carefully as I went along. Preſently, when I allowed my eye to be drawn off for a moment by a blackbird of unuſual ſize, the point of the rod ſtuck in the ground. I quite expected to hear it ſnap, but it did not. Then I put it over my ſhoulder, like a gun, and proceeded with extreme circumſpection. This method ſucceeded tolerably well, until ſuddenly the top piece ſtruck againſt the branch of a tree, ſending my heart into my mouth, and my hat over my eyes. I tried

Freſh difficulties.

ſeveral other ways of carrying the rod, but contrived to reach the river without breaking it.

Having found what ſeemed to me a ſuitable ſpot for beginning, I prepared to caſt, with plenty of line out. The next half-hour was pleaſantly occupied in diſentangling it from the branches of a large elm, which I had not previouſly noticed. Before making a ſecond attempt to caſt, I aſſured myſelf that there was no tree within a radius of twenty yards from where I ſtood. I then threw the line well back over my ſhoulder, and brought it down on the ſurface of the water with a ſound calculated to inſpire terror in the breaſt of any liſtening trout.

The caſting of the line.

For five hours I ſmote the unoffending ſtream with infinite perſeverance but infiniteſimal ſucceſs. Not a trout, ſo far, had ſhown the ſlighteſt diſpoſition to reſpond to my well-intentioned

advances. With the practiſed acuteneſs of an intellect trained in the ſchool of Scottiſh Metaphyſic, I ſoon diſcovered the reaſon. The clouds of the early morning had cleared away, and the ſun was now high in heaven, ſhining with dazzling brilliancy. Of courſe no one, not even the moſt experienced angler, could hope to catch anything in a blaze like that. So I called a halt, and having found a ſhady place, ſat down to eat my lunch. The praiſes of a lunch under ſuch circumſtances have been ſo often ſung that it would be weariſome and impertinent for me to repeat them. I deſire only to place on record my ſolemn aſſurance that, with the exception of a beef-ſteak at Falkland, eaten after aſcending one of the Lomonds, no meal I ever had was half ſo luxurious as that ſimple, unadorned lunch. Moreover, the pipe that ſucceeded it was delicious, with a flavour above and beyond

Conſummate happineſs

the mere native aroma of Virginian tobacco.

There is no period ſo ſuitable to calm reflection as the half-hour which follows a ſatisfactory meal, eſpecially if you are a ſmoker, and can look at all things through the ſoftening and tranquilliſing medium of a fragrant, ethereal, tranſlucent cloud. Accordingly, when I had ſmoked for ſome time in the fulneſs of ſenſuous enjoyment, I began to reflect. Perhaps, after all, the ſun was not entirely to blame for my want of ſucceſs. It might be that my caſting had been a little too vehement. I would try again, more gently. At the worſt, I ſhould be fiſhing: and I muſt not forget that an angler's proper aim is ſport, rather than the mere acquiſition of fiſh. On the other hand, if I *ſhould* catch ſomething in ſpite of the ſun, how great would be my glory!

diſpelled by a ſenſe of duty.

Fired with this idea, I ſet to work

again, with as much enthuſiaſm as before, and rather more care; and after a time I was able to lay the line well out along the water without making much noiſe. Nor were my efforts entirely unrewarded. I had firſt one nibble, and then another; and although intrinſically theſe were not worth very much, yet as an earneſt of future ſucceſs they were invaluable.

A troubleſome viſitor

To my great annoyance, I now perceived a perſon advancing along the bank in my direction. I foreſaw what would happen. He would come up and aſk me, with offenſive familiarity, if I was 'getting much ſport.' Then he would put his hands in his breeches pockets and wait to ſee me caſt. He would criticiſe my method, and offer to 'ſhow me the proper way.' I began ſeriouſly to think of drowning myſelf, as a means of eſcaping him. As he drew nearer, however, I was relieved to

diſcover, from his dreſs and general appearance, that he was a gamekeeper. I was not afraid of him in his profeſſional capacity, for I knew that the water was not preſerved at that part. Nor did my pride revolt at the idea of being criticiſed and inſtructed by a perſon who might naturally be ſuppoſed to know all about fiſhing. I even *hoped* that he would ſtop and talk. But he merely anſwered my 'Good-day,' and went on.

For a good while after he had paſſed I received little or no encouragement; and my energy was beginning to flag—when I felt a ſtrain on the rod. My excitement was ſo great that I could hardly think, but of one thing I was certain: this was not a nibble, but a ſerious bite. What was I to do? Should I let him run about until he was tired, and then draw him gently aſhore? No! That ſort of thing might do very

Culmination.

An almoſt regret.

well for an old hand, but if I attempted it he would probably run about until I was tired, and then run away altogether. So with a powerful effort of my wriſt I jerked the rod upwards. There was a ſilver ſhimmer in the air, and the trout lay ſtruggling on the bank behind me. It coſt me a pang to ſlay him, but it was ſoon over, and I felt that he could not eſcape me now. Poor little chap! He was only about five inches long, and not bulky, but I could not have been prouder of him if he had been a thirty-pound ſalmon. When my firſt emotions were over, I bent down to remove the hook from his mouth. What was my aſtoniſhment on diſcovering that the hook was not there! I had caught that trout in a new and original manner—I had hooked him firmly in the tail! This, I flattered myſelf, was an evidence of conſiderable ſkill. Many perſons can hook a trout in the mouth,

but it is not everybody who can hook him in the tail.

I gathered a quantity of freſh graſs, wrapped my treaſure carefully in it, and put him in my pocket. I was completely ſatisfied. A greedy man would have fiſhed on, in the hope of catching ſome more—but I ſtarted for home. When I arrived I found that ARMSTRONG had not returned, ſo I put the trout in the pantry without ſaying a word to any one, and loafed about, impatient to tell him of my triumph. I tried to read the paper, but it was of no uſe; I had to go out of doors and wander round the houſe. In turning a corner rather abruptly I ſtartled the houſehold cat. She was eating ſomething. But what was that ſmall dark object protruding from her mouth? Deſpair! It was the tail of my trout.

The end of all things.

When ARMSTRONG came home in the evening, he ſteadily refuſed to believe

The odiousneſs of incredulity.

that I had ever caught that trout, although I ſhowed him the diſordered graſs that had enveloped its beautiful little body lying on the pantry table. He ſaid his cat had always borne an unimpeachable character; and while he would not for one moment impugn my veracity, he conſidered that my imagination had been over-heated by expoſure to the ſun.

R. F. Murray.

UNDERTONES.

LAST year's leaves, that linger ſtill
Red and dead by the whiſpering lanes,
Breathe an autumn bleſſing of ſighs
On the paſſing airs that fall and riſe,
To the ſwelling life of the budleſs ſheaves
In the hedge by the edge of the wayſide woods,
Full of primroſe-neſted ſweets.
So meets
Fear, the ſhadow and ſatellite
Of death that has been and is to be,
Our youngeſt hope, new-born and free,
With a word half-heard, that death's reſpite
Is all life wins, however bright.

And, like the primroſe moſs-embowered,
Our peeping joys too ſoon muſt learn
That laſt year with its doom has dowered
This year that goes without return.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

SPRING.

WHAT though the winds of March be rude,
And though the air be chill,
The touch of Spring is on the wood,
Her breath is on the hill.

She bids yon throſtle pipe ſo clear
Amid the woodland ways;
She leads the ſhivering, trembling year
Toward the ſweet ſummer days.

O wondrous Spring! O golden hour,
Whence is thy crown of bleſſing?
Lo! this is thy tranſcendent dower—
All hoping, nought poſſeſſing.

And therefore is it, O fair Spring,
With wealth of incompleteneſs,
My dumb ſoul hath no voice to ſing
According with thy ſweetneſs.

For my ſad heart, in ſorrow pent,
Doth iron Winter hold;
And all my thought is backward bent
To the dear days of old.

L. I. Lumsden.

THE GRAVE OF ORPHEUS.

THE GRAVE OF ORPHEUS.

(The ſtory about the ſuicide of Orpheus, after the ſecond loſs of Eurydice, and about the Nightingales that ſing over his tomb, is in Pauſanias.)

'TWAS hence the Thracian Minſtrel went
The ſecond time the ſunleſs way,
And found his twice-loſt love, content
'Mid ſongleſs ſhades to be as they;
But the Songs died not,—all the May
And all through June they flood the vales,
And ſtill on Orpheus' tomb, men ſay,
Moſt ſweetly ſing the Nightingales.

A. LANG.

IDEM
GRAECE REDDITUM.

Εἰς Ὀρφέα.—Ἐπιτύμβιον.

Δεύτερον ἐντεῦθεν τὸν ἀνήλιον οἶμον ἐπελθὼν
αὖ πάλιν εἰς Ἄϊδεω Θρῇξ μελίγηρυς ἔβη,
Τήν τε δὶς οἰχομένην εὑρὼν ἀλύροισιν ὑπέστη
ξυνναίειν Ἐνέροις, μηκέτ' ἀοιδιάων.
Ὠιδαὶ δ' οὐ τεθνᾶσιν· ἔαρ δ' ὅλον εὖ κελαδοῦσαι
ἄγκεα πιμπλᾶσιν πουλυμέλεσσι ῥοαῖς·
Πλεῖστα θαμιζούσας δ' Ὀρφείῳ τῷδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ἥδιστ' εὐστομέειν φασὶν ἀηδονίδας.

L. C.

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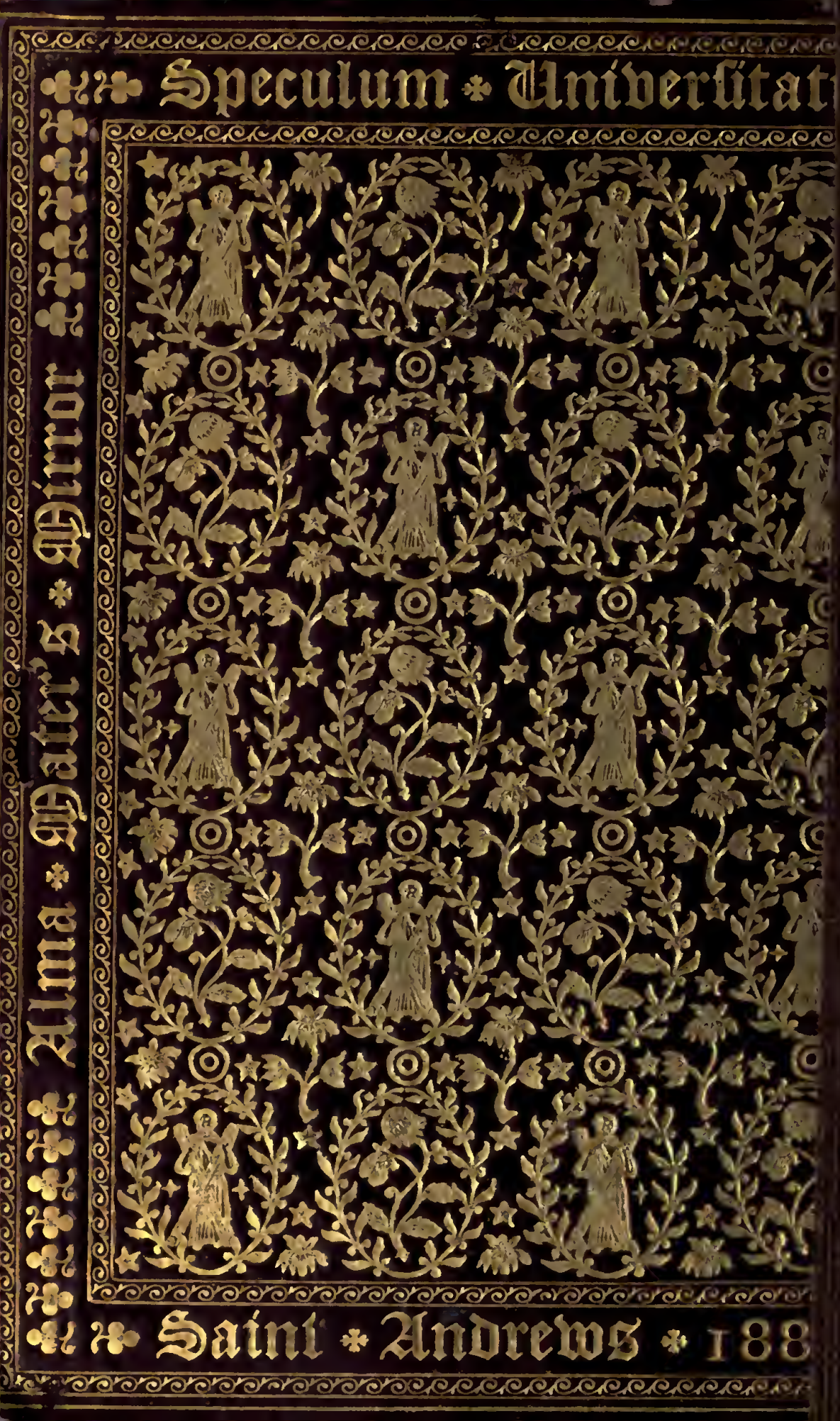
Campbell, Lewis (eds.)

ME OF BORROWER.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